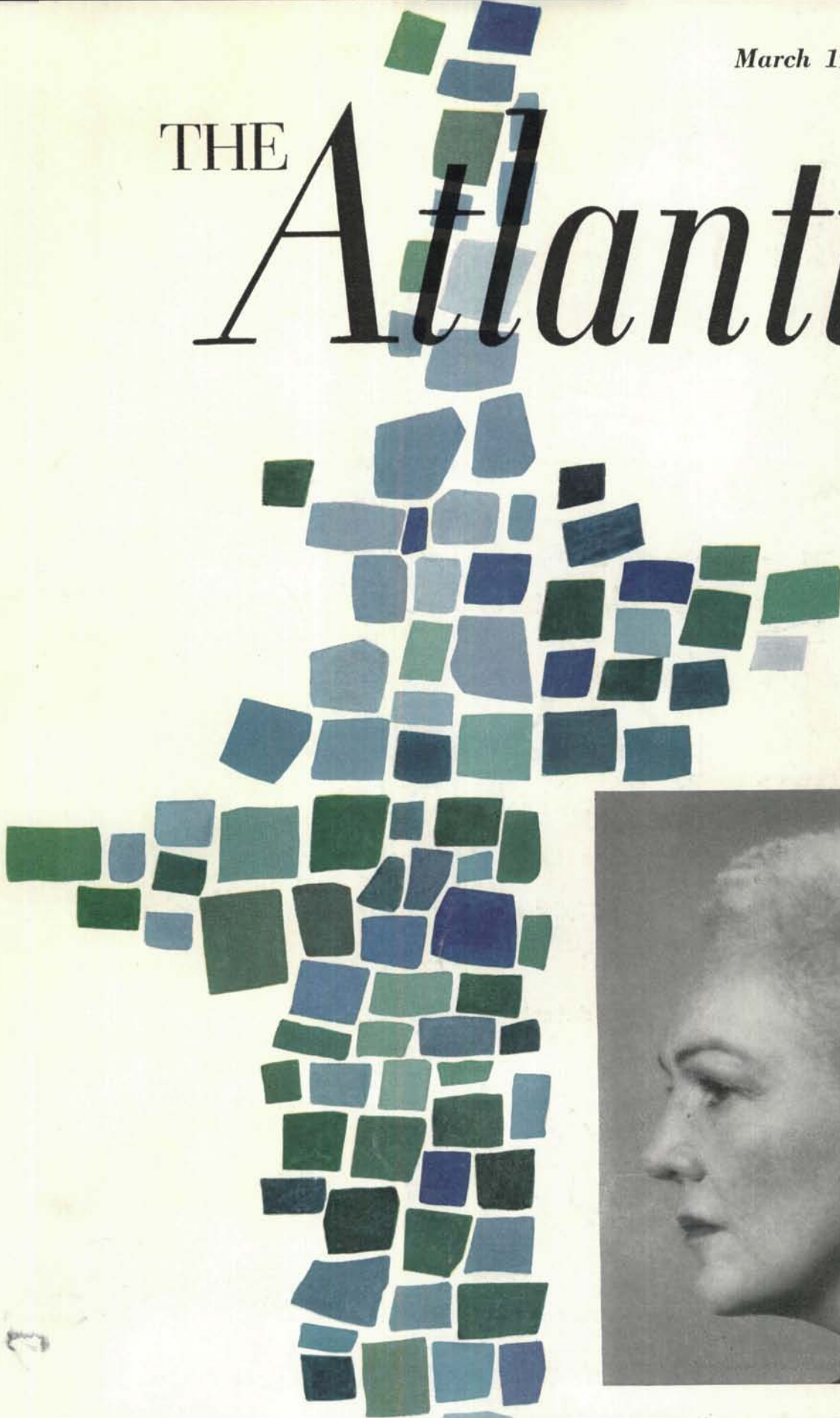


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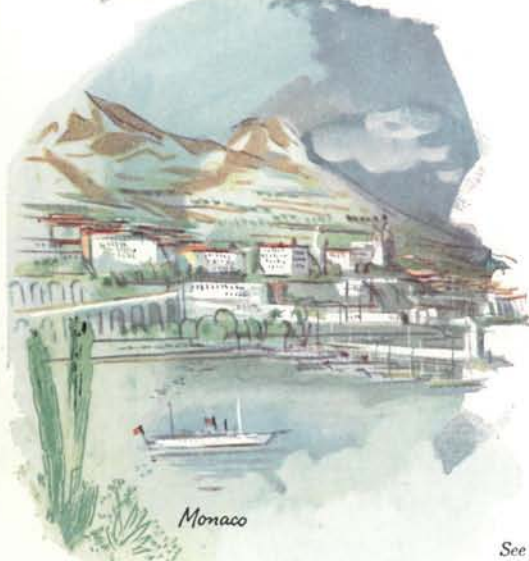


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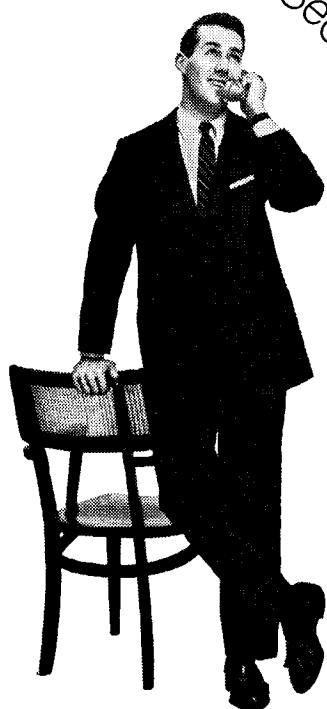
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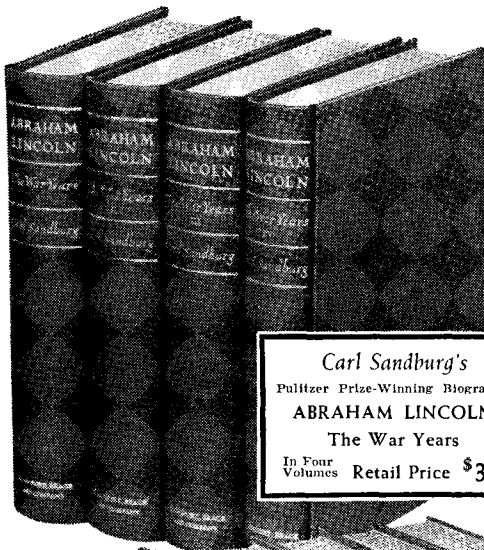
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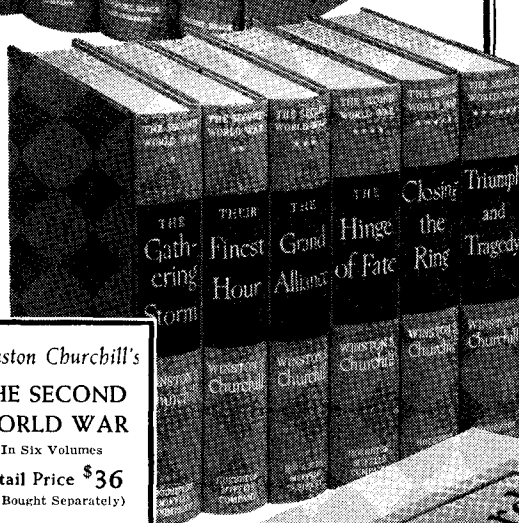
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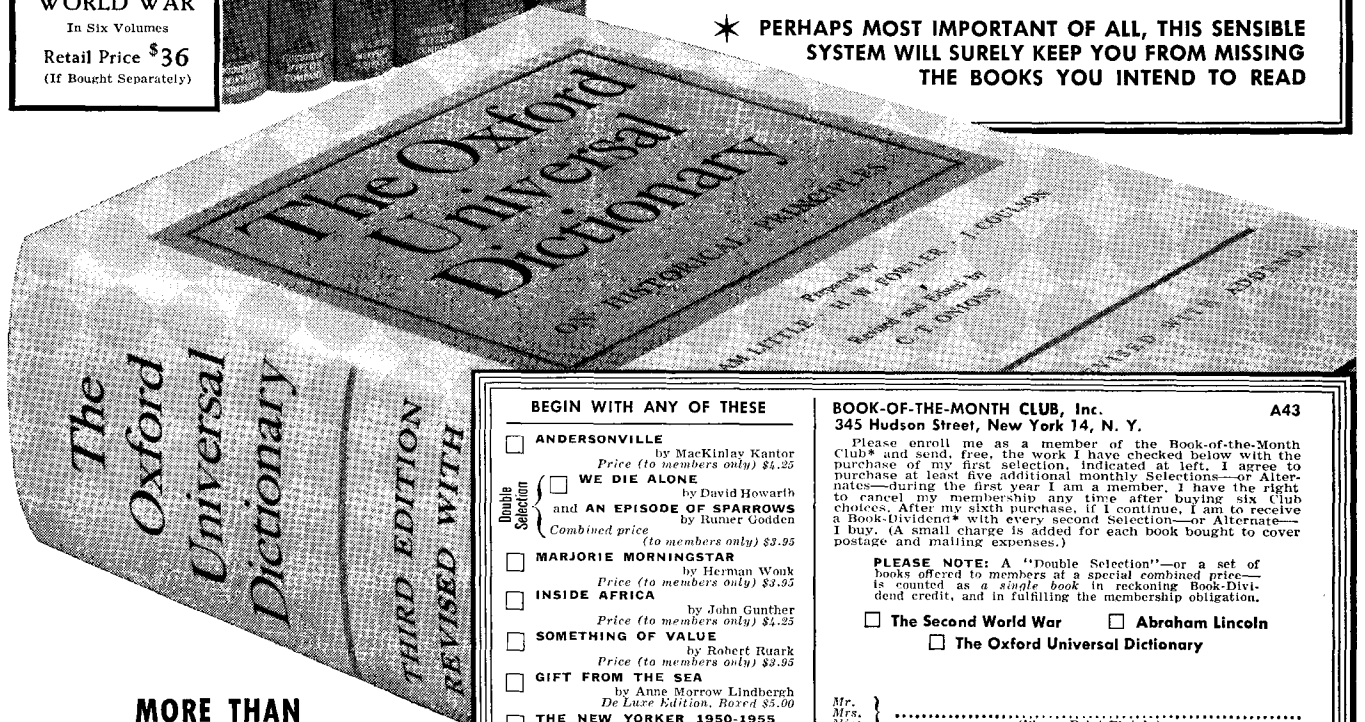
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# THE ATLANTIC REPORT

## *on the World today*

# Washington

It is clear that Moscow's new tactics include a world-wide economic challenge to the United States, a threat to send into the underdeveloped nations of the Middle East, Asia, and Latin America goods made in Russia or elsewhere in the Soviet orbit and technicians who are also political agents.

But the Administration, in trying to "wake up America," is in a difficult position. For it was the Republican campaign orators who went after Democratic waste overseas. It was Dulles who said in his "massive retaliation" speech two years ago that "broadly speaking, economic aid in the form of grants is on its way out as a major element in our foreign policy" in favor of a "more manageable" American budget and more trade and private investments. And it was the President who accepted a mere shadow of Harold Stassen's "bold new program" of economic aid for the "arc of free Asia" a year ago.

### **Burma and surplus rice**

Furthermore, the Administration has been retreating step by step before the farm bloc and the party politicians who have insisted that our surpluses be shipped abroad regardless of the effect on foreign relations. The flow of surplus items abroad has upset a number of trade patterns and brought us new political enmities among both friends and might-be friends.

The extreme example of the surplus problem is the case of Burma. Last summer, it has now come to light, Premier U Nu, who had cut off American aid in 1952 over the issue of our support of Chinese Nationalists in North Burma, offered to take our technical aid once again. This time, however, U Nu said he would take no help without paying; but his

only means of paying was rice. If we would buy 10,000 tons of rice at the market price, he would let us store it in Burma as a Far East emergency famine or disaster supply, and guarantee to use the million and a quarter dollars or so paid for it to pay some forty or fifty American technicians.

After two weeks of soul-searching, the State Department told U Nu it would be politically impossible for the United States, which has its own rice surplus, to buy somebody else's — even 10,000 tons. Our own surplus is now over 700,000 tons, and we recently have been negotiating to ship 30,000 tons of it to the Philippines and another 100,000 tons to Indonesia.

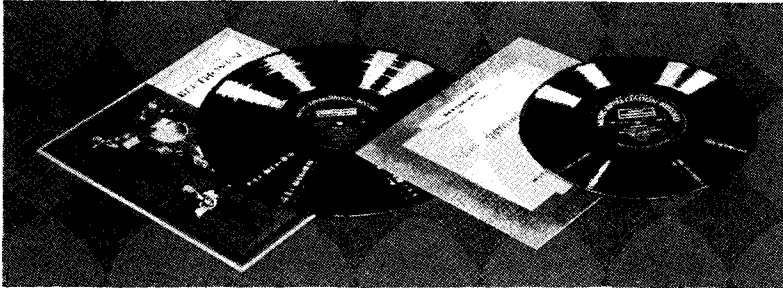
The outcome of the Burma story, however, was not merely that U Nu did not get forty or fifty badly needed American technicians and that the United States lost an opportunity to renew an excellent method of creating pro-American opinion in Burma. The unhappy fact is that U Nu, five months later, made the same offer to Khrushchev and Bulganin when they visited Burma, and they snapped it up.

Administration officials, talking privately, concede that there has in fact been no adequate American thinking on this problem of how to meet the new Soviet economic challenge. Economic problems in international relations have fallen between two chairs — the State Department's preoccupation with political matters and the Pentagon's with military problems. Dulles's own well-known distaste for economics has meant leaving it largely to Hoover, who is willing to make a gesture but hardly more. The President's illness has meant that Hoover, with the backing of Humphrey and



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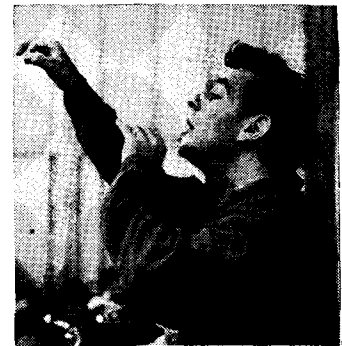
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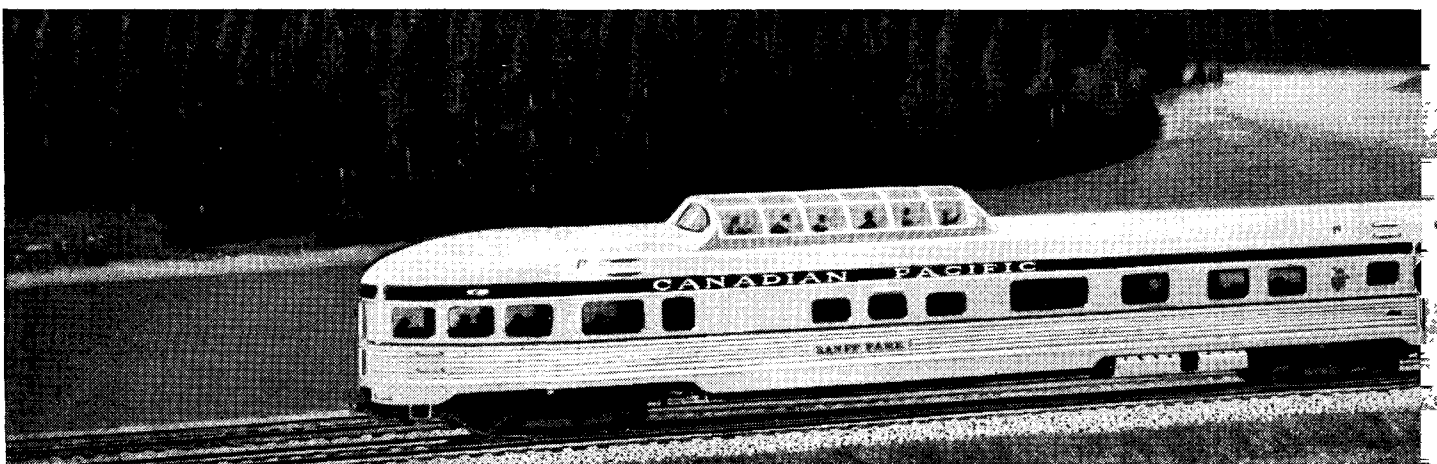
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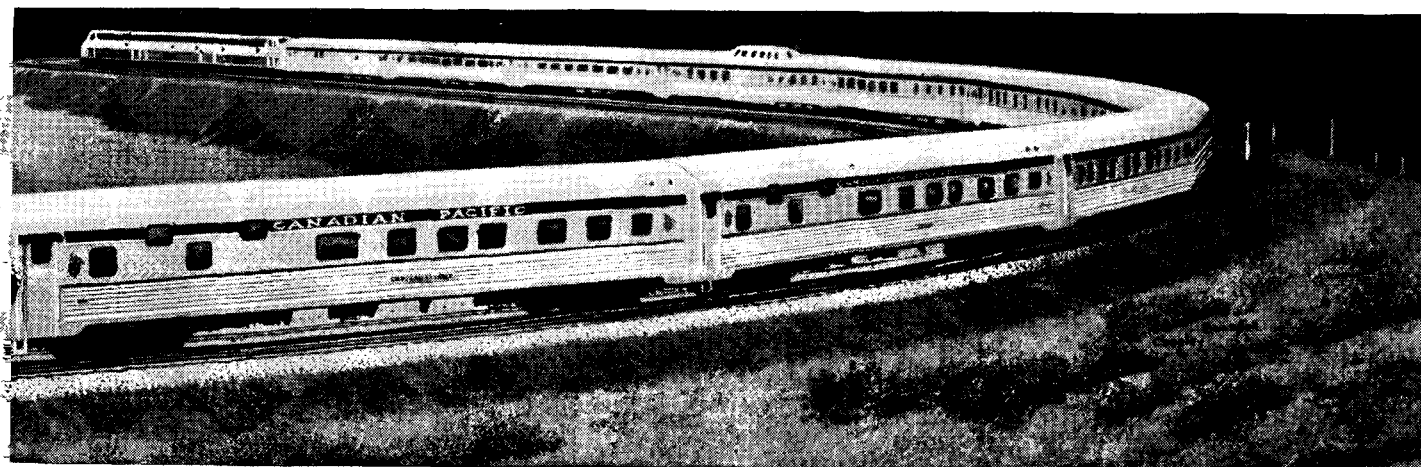
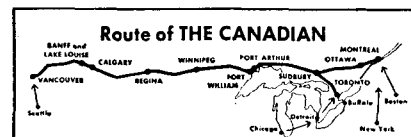
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The Soviet's new five-year plan includes absolute figures instead of mere percentages — an almost certain measure of Soviet self-confidence. This applies just to the industrial side of the economy, however, for agricultural figures are again only in percentages. Khrushchev's recent admissions that not all is going well in the new lands program is reason enough to be vague on the figures for farm output. But Soviet farm deficiencies do at least allow Russia to import unrestricted quantities of agricultural products from the underdeveloped countries in exchange for industrial goods — something the United States cannot do.

## Moscow's bargaining position

The new five-year plan reveals that the steel goal set by Stalin in 1946 of 60 million tons by 1960 will be surpassed by 8.3 million tons, the coal goal of 500 million tons by 93 million, and the oil goal of 60 million tons by 75 million. The use which is likely to be made of some of this oil, much in demand in underdeveloped nations, can be gleaned from the fact that the new plan also calls for almost half a million more tons of Soviet tanker capacity, including tankers of 20,000- and 25,000-ton capacity.

The West, of course, has plenty of oil to sell and plenty of tankers to move it. But, as Washington unhappily knows, Moscow can undersell any Western oil company any time it wishes to do so for political reasons. A Western private company that sold for less than cost would go bankrupt. The same "loss-leader" principle can be applied by Russia to any industrial goods. The meaning of the new five-year plan figures is simply that the Kremlin is certain to have an increasing margin of material things for use abroad. More steel means steel to sell to India, where a deal already has been worked out.

A new factor introduced for the first time is a drive to replace obsolete machinery. Not only will this mean more efficient industrial production but it will release for export old machinery, which is easier to operate because it is less complicated.

The new five-year plan, as American experts see it, emphasizes a rapid

forced industrialization once again at the cost of the consuming public. One estimate is that Russia's gross national product in 1955 was one third of ours; in 1960 it would be, if all goes well, about two fifths of ours, if our rate of increase goes as estimated here. In absolute terms, the Soviet Union is still far behind the United States. In 1955 we produced 1420 pounds of steel per capita to Russia's 450 pounds. But such comparisons often serve to create complacency and hence are dangerous for Americans, who should remember that 450 pounds per person is an astronomical figure when read in most of the world.

Out of the new five-year plan figures also comes this important fact: the rate of Soviet growth is slowing down — not greatly, but somewhat. This slowing down is thought to reflect several factors: decline in manpower due to the low wartime birth rate; a rise in the school attendance period from seven to ten years; increased technical education and a return to the farm of some city workers; the natural rate decline as the base is enlarged; decline in investment productivity as more investment goes into agriculture; the new emphasis on replacement of obsolete equipment, which slows production temporarily though there will be a long-term gain.

## Where the pinch comes

In sum, however, Moscow's industrial growth is immense. But the picture in the consumer field — food, clothing, and housing — is appalling. Because some 95 per cent of Russian clothing is cotton, clothing has suffered from lagging agriculture. Shoes, also dependent on agriculture, last year averaged one and one-third pairs per person, with just under two pairs the 1960 goal (our 1955 figure was three and one-half pairs). Housing, even if the somewhat doubtful Soviet figures of 46 square feet per person in 1955 and a 1960 goal of 56 square feet are accepted, is incredibly bad. Our Federal Bureau of Prisons standard is 60 square feet per prisoner.

The only logical way to look at the Soviet economy, if one wants to estimate its impact on and relation to Soviet foreign policy capabilities, is this: any share of total output which is allotted to the consumer is in effect a production cost, in that it is subtracted from the total output available for additional investment and

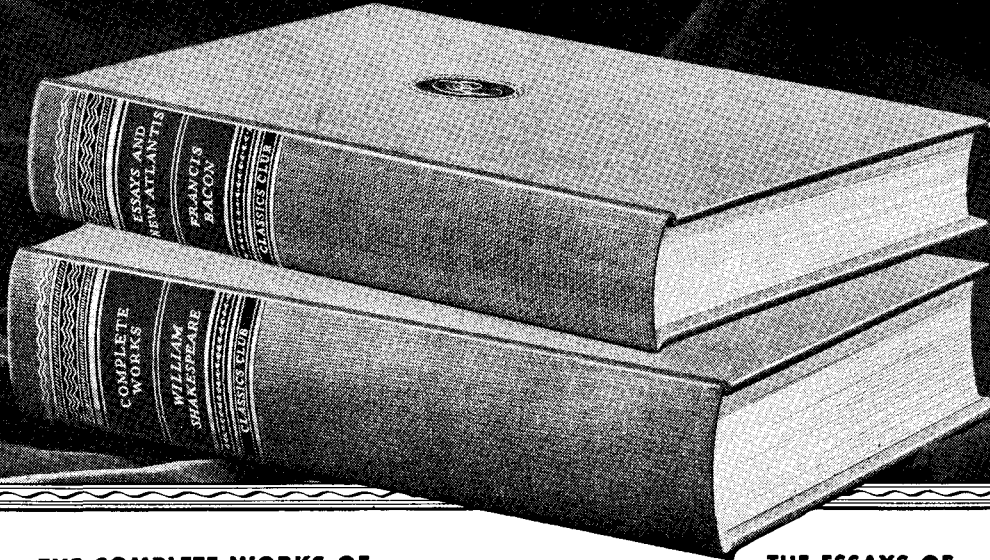


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for arms. Hence, to continue to build Russia industrially, it is necessary to hold down public consumption, which means holding down the standard of living.

Industrial goods for use abroad politically are likewise a production cost. The Kremlin's problem is to give the consumers enough to keep them working hard enough, and to ship enough abroad to make political gains. The economy, as the figures cited here amply demonstrate, gives the Kremlin considerable leeway. Washington realizes that in the broadest sense the problem is simply this: How can a free enterprise system compete with the Soviet system's loss-leader tactics?

### The top of the heap

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### Mood of the Capital

Washington, as spring approaches, is in a cat-and-mouse mood. Each political party is watching the other — waiting for an opening to strike, yet making sure it has a route of retreat if necessary. The first weeks of the congressional session were about as unreal as any in a presidential election year could be because of the uncertainty over President Eisenhower's course. The will to get down to work, to pass much of the mass of legislation

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that both parties know must be put through somehow before they quit for the August nominating conventions, has been badly lacking.

It has been a formative period — a period of testing out possible issues, of looking for advantage, of efforts to determine whether there is political mileage in the foreign field or whether the issues which may sway the voters are essentially domestic. The hot controversy over the Dulles "brink of war" statements certainly made much more difficult the bipartisan-ship necessary in the foreign aid field.

Anglo-American solidarity is the essential rock of the Atlantic alliance and indeed of the free world. The White House talks with Sir Anthony Eden came at a point between the Summit glow and the Communist Party's Twentieth Party Congress in Moscow and were an effort to gauge the effects of both and to determine Western strategy. But the immediate issues of Arab-Israel conflict and Anglo-American differences over China policy tended to blot out the more fundamental agreements between Washington and London, if not to take too much time from the kind of long-range thinking so necessary in the face of world-wide Communist strategy.

Both the Arab-Israel and the China issues are highly charged politically. It should be said in Dulles's defense that, although he is certainly as politically-minded a Secretary of State as any in modern times, he has stoutly resisted Israeli pressure in the knowledge that to give in at such a time as this might set off the Middle East "dry tinder," to use Eden's phrase. On the other hand, the Eden-Dulles relationship, already touchy, was hardly improved by the Dulles "brink of war" interview reviving their disagreements over Indochina.

The issues of the Eden visit may be summed up this way: the British are overextended both militarily and economically and the burden of the free world's defense must pass even more to America. But Washington, in a presidential election year, is in no mood to take on more commitments. As a result, democracy once again faces the test of whether it can afford the luxury of a sabbatical year amid the conflicts of the nuclear age.



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# London

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, who has had fifty years' rich experience of observing at close range the ups and downs of British cabinets, slipped quietly off for a midwinter holiday in southern France without a word of comment on the storm of troubles that had overtaken the cabinet of Sir Anthony Eden. Many Conservative members of Parliament would give a great deal to know his thoughts.

Perhaps his veteran's intuition tells him that the sudden slump in Eden's stock is only a passing phase, one of those bad patches that come along in politics and then, a little further on in the cycle, go away again. There are many informed British who hold this view. There are many who say that Sir Anthony, hurt at first by his sharp fall from favor with much of his party, will come out of it all a tougher and more resilient man.

But there are also elements in the affair that do not fit any familiar pattern. The vehemence of the Tory criticism was unusual. Never, in these fifty years, has a new head of government come under such a fusillade from his own party after only nine months in office. Never has a new Prime Minister had to face in so short a time a cabal of malcontents in Parliament. Eden's prestige has always stood higher in the country at large than among Tory members of Parliament; but even so, his critics on the back benches seem to have forgotten with remarkable ease his great political achievement of last summer — the election victory which carried them back to Westminster with a much improved majority.

There have been other odd elements in the story. Whatever Churchill may be thinking, it seems clear as day that he would never have let himself be put in such a position that his public relations officer at 10 Downing Street (indeed, he never had one) would feel obliged to deny a rumor that he was planning to resign because of a loss of faith among his followers. That is what Eden's press officer did.

Until the denial came, no American correspondent in London had bothered to take the rumor seriously, since the traditional answer to such reports is a sublime, disdainful silence. The rebuttal

showed that the rumor had hurt. Speculation was helped along when R. A. Butler, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer and Eden's closest associate in the cabinet, added his denial and in so doing let fly the unkindest cut of all. "Eden," said Butler firmly, "is the best Prime Minister we have."

## **The Tory "rebels" retreat**

The denial from Downing Street, which bore all the signs of being issued in panic, had an immediate sobering effect. Miraculously, it subdued the storm and cleared the air. It rallied the faithful and shamed the disloyal. It revealed that no one wanted to stand up and be counted. It brought home again the old moral truth, still potent in British political life, that it simply is not sporting to desert the leader of the party.

There has been, and there still is, deep and serious discontent with Eden's leadership among many Tory members of Parliament. But there is no concerted move to oust him as head of the party or government. When called to account, the "rebels" had to acknowledge that any attempt to overthrow the Prime Minister would certainly undermine and quite possibly overthrow the Tory Government itself. No group in the party would willingly take that risk.

It was equally clear that much as the rebels might hanker for a hero-leader, a man of dramatic decisions, "a Winston Churchill forty years younger" (as one writer-to-an-editor put it), there was no such man on the scene.

To whom could the rebels turn? To Mr. Butler, who has his own devoted political following in the party? But Butler himself is now tasting the sour disappointments of the worst patch in his career: his two budgets of last year (an easy pre-election budget followed and contradicted by a stern post-election one) have rubbed most of the shine from his once brilliant reputation. To Harold Macmillan, who has now stepped into Butler's shoes at the Exchequer? But in his few months at the Foreign Office, Macmillan scored no visible personal triumphs and certainly failed to prove himself the man of decision whom restive Tories are yearning



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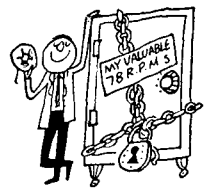


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for. Aside from these two men, there are no possible contenders for Eden's job.

## The gentle knight

The malaise in Tory ranks is a many-colored thing. It does not spring from any coherent set of arguments or any profound differences of policy. The upsurge of dissatisfaction has been more of a mood than a movement, and it has spread more quickly than any of its supporting arguments would warrant. There is a feeling of nostalgia: instead of a buccaneer with a grand sense of drama and history, there is, in Downing Street, a sensitive and decidedly non-gregarious man who by training and temperament prefers the subtleties of private diplomacy to the ardors of publicized action, and who is disinclined to mount the public stages to take the country into his confidence.

There is a feeling also of anticlimax: after last summer's exhilarating victory, it was expected on Tory back benches that a strengthened Government would take a number of strong, unpopular, but necessary measures quickly, so that the political rewards would have full time to ripen before the next test at the polls. From this point of view, Eden's offense is that he has not yet been resolutely Tory enough.

Then there has been a series of annoying little blunders, of errors of judgment and changes of mind on relatively minor matters which are nevertheless the all-important trivia of domestic politics in every country—matters ranging from a proposed tax on pots and pans (a proposal abandoned in the face of the housewives' outcry) to an announced ban on the manufacture of heroin (also shelved at the last minute, after ministers had stoutly defended it against popular feeling and expert advice).

These waverings and shifts of front are not good reasons for dismissing a Prime Minister; but they have helped to feed the complaint that the Eden team lacks drive and decisiveness, and that its captain lacks the political touch. "The smack of firm government has not been felt," said one widely quoted stricture.

## Butler's budget

On two counts of policy, this winter's discontent strikes deeper. Two

pivotal issues for Britain in 1956 are the cost of living, which continues to rise, and the situation in the Middle East, which continues to worsen. The emergency budget of last autumn was intended to check inflation; as Mr. Butler explained, his whole design was to put a brake on the British boom so as to prevent rising costs at home from pricing Britain out of her markets overseas.

Butler's expectations have not been fulfilled, and his budget has had no discernible anti-inflationary effects. The price index as a whole has continued to rise; new wage claims have continued to pour in. Most disturbing of all, the balance-of-payment figures which the budget was intended to redress have continued to show, each month, a deficit for Britain.

## Tory bumbling

On Middle Eastern issues, there is a permanent body of anti-Eden Tory opinion. Nearly everything that Eden has touched there in recent months has somehow gone wrong. There was his own luckless offer of British mediation in the Arab-Israeli conflict. There was the evidently futile wooing of unresponsive Arab statesmen, which still goes on. There was the muddling and shifting over Cyprus.

At one point, there was actual collapse—the breakdown, in a welter of anti-Western riots, of Britain's plan to bring her safest Arab ally, Jordan, into the Baghdad Pact. The decision now to call a truce and allow the Baghdad Pact to rest for a while is admission that British policy, which has been pegged to a pure and simple faith in the future of that young alliance, has been soundly licked.

The reason Eden is personally vulnerable in Middle Eastern affairs goes back to one of his own major acts as Foreign Secretary. It was he who overrode the doubts of Sir Winston Churchill and the angry opposition of a large Tory group in Parliament, and assumed personal responsibility for the decision to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone.

Eden advanced two major arguments for the move, and by them he carried the majority of his party with him. He urged that this timely and sensible concession to Egyptian na-



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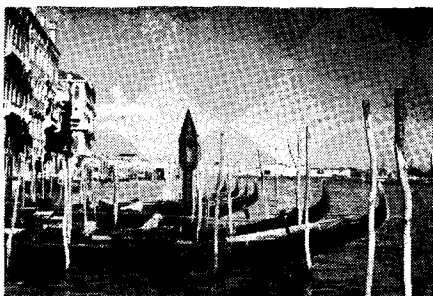
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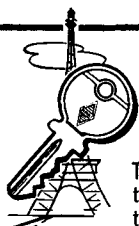
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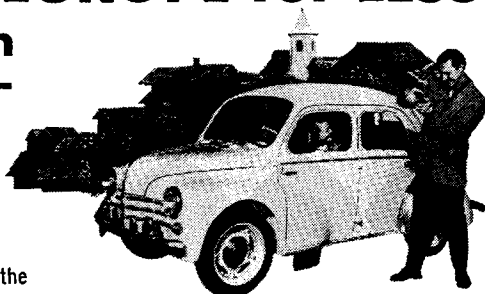
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tionalism would enable Britain to retain Egypt as her loyal friend. He urged that there was a military alternative to the Canal Zone; another base, another site for Britain's Middle Eastern headquarters, was at hand. This alternative was Cyprus.

## The "Suez policy" backfires

On the face of it, these two expectations have both been falsified by recent events. Eden's Suez policy has not borne the fruits which he promised for it. For more than a year, the British troops which have been sent to the new Cyprus headquarters (as a strategic reserve for the Middle Eastern area) have been tied down chasing terrorists on the island. Egypt, far from embracing British friendship, has taken the lead in the Arab drive to expel British influence from the Middle East. As part of that drive, Colonel Nasser has invited Communist influence in, and has discovered the new and potent weapon of blackmail represented by his acceptance of Communist arms.

But the "Suez policy" remains. The basic premise of the Suez evacuation—the idea that the Arab countries will be won over to the West by a combination of friendly concessions, timely economic help, placation, and a steady effort to build up Arab self-confidence and assuage the stinging sense of inferiority which Egypt especially has felt in the aftermath of the Palestine war—is still the guiding idea of British policy, and it is an idea that is seriously pondered and sincerely held.

Eden is not merely trying to make good the promises of 1954; he honestly believes this policy will pay off. But he is keenly aware that his Tory opponents, the "Suez rebels" and last-ditchers of empire, are laying for him and are always ready to jump. In defense of his policy, it must be said that nobody in Britain, on either the Tory or the Labor side, has yet offered a coherent and well-thought-out alternative.

In any case, the old premises of the Suez action still help to explain many British reactions to the last few months' explosive train of events. They account for Eden's suggestion that peace talks in Palestine should begin by Israel's making territorial concessions to the Arabs; and for Britain's hasty assurance to Nasser

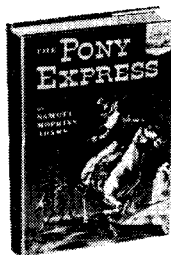


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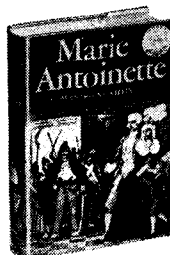
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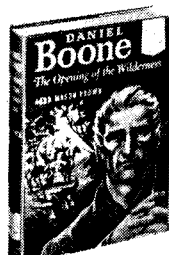
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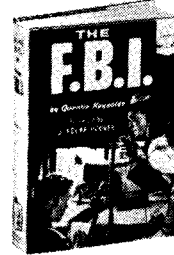
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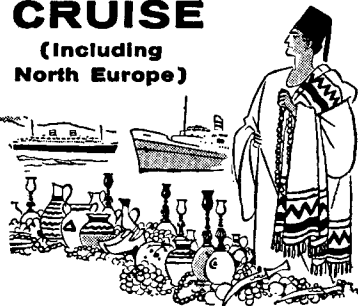
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(after the Jordan riots) that she would not try to push Jordan into a pact which Nasser abominates.

### Britain pulls in her horns

The prospect of expanding Communist influence in the Arab world is foremost in the minds of British diplomats as they try to get Israel and her Arab neighbors to the negotiating table. They try to point out to Israel the danger of her gradual encirclement by an increasingly Communist-infiltrated world — a danger that is very real and will continue to be so in the absence of an Arab-Israeli settlement. They seek at the same time to warn the Arabs of the peril of indefinitely prolonging the suffering of the 850,000 Arab Palestinian refugees whom the Arab states are holding as hostages of fortune. The peril is that these homeless refugees (bombarded already by Moscow Radio) will become a focus of Communism in the center of the Arab world. These are impressive arguments, but there is no evidence that they have yet impressed the persons to whom they are primarily directed.

Britain's reaction to her latest defeat, in Jordan, has been to pull in her horns. A few months ago, on his return from Baghdad, Mr. Macmillan spoke glowingly of the potentialities of the Baghdad Pact as a kind of Western magnet in the Arab world. He spoke hopefully of the United States' joining the pact in due time. Such talk is now ended.

A few weeks after Mr. Macmillan's prophecy, the new pact had split the Arab world; and a combination of Egyptian intrigue, Communist disruption, Saudi Arabian gold, and genuine resistance to this "Western" alliance had torpedoed the British suggestion that Jordan become its second Arab member. The picture has now changed so radically that all thought of American participation is out, for many months at least.

This political blunder, in a part of the world where the British are acknowledged experts and in a country where they have long been the paramount power, is cause for more than passing wonder. The larger question it suggests is whether such setbacks are only temporary, or whether Britain is indeed reaching the end of her resources as a power in the Arab world.



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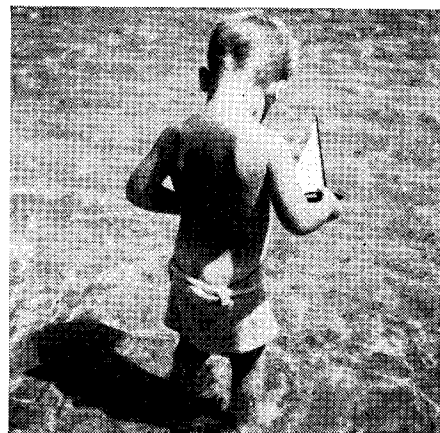
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# Science and Industry

RECENT automotive news from Britain indicates that there are still plenty of smart engineers in the birthplace of the industrial revolution. The new British "mystery car" is the product of Harry Ferguson, who is understood to have built a prototype and demonstrated it to British defense experts. No specific information has been released about it, but the car is said to have wholly new kinds of chassis, power transmission, and braking, with dramatic results in performance, demonstrated by driving it down a narrow lane at 70 mph toward the wall of a house and then stopping it in a few yards. Top speed is reported 90 mph; consumption, 30 miles to the gallon; and the probable cost in England, \$1900.

The car has a flat, horizontally opposed, four-cylinder engine, placed in the rear, and the chassis is a tubular steel "back bone," running fore and aft. Some reports indicate a novel type of fluid drive; the engine drives a pump which transmits hydraulic fluid under pressure to individual turbines at each of the four wheels. Quick braking power is achieved by reversing the fluid flow to all or any of the turbines.

The first Ferguson car is described as a super jeep designed for rough roads and particularly suitable for military use and for export to underdeveloped countries. Ferguson, who has been extremely successful as a designer of unusual farm tractors, has offered his vehicle to several British manufacturers — so far no reports of acceptance.

## The Omega engine

Another British engineer, Granville Bradshaw, has invented a wholly new type of internal-combustion engine, claimed to pack so much power in so little space that a 3000-horsepower model would fit under the hood of the average American car. Bradshaw, who has developed a variety of devices for the British Admiralty, calls it the Omega engine. Its ingenious design aims at avoiding the considerable internal power loss of the conventional gasoline engine. This loss goes into friction in the complicated mechanisms needed to power fuel valves and the nonworking cylinders. Three of each four cylinders must be driven by the fourth to expel the

burned gases, draw in the new fuel mixture, and compress the mixture for firing.

The Omega short-cuts this power drain by having the three nonproductive cycles carried out with a minimum of friction. To understand how it works, lay a partly open pair of shears on a circle so that the pivot point is at the center of the circle. The two blades and two handles form a St. Andrew's cross and divide the circle into four sectors. These are in effect the four "cylinders" of the Omega engine. Open and shut the blades a few times and you will see that two opposing sectors are always rapidly expanded and two are rapidly narrowed.

This scissors action is the secret of the Omega. One narrow sector contains the fuel ready to be fired; the next one has drawn in the fuel; the opposite sector, also narrow, has just pushed out the exhaust and is ready to draw in fresh fuel; while the fourth, wide sector has just been fired and will squeeze out the exhaust in the next stroke.

The scissor blades are two double-ended arms (pistons) enclosed in a steel drum. The drum has a single spark plug set into its circular wall and revolves slowly, bringing the plug in succession to each sector when it is ready to fire. The same rotation brings intake and outgo ports in the drum to the proper sector at the right time to supply new fuel and exhaust the burned gases.

Each of the double-ended piston arms drives its own hollow shaft with an oscillatory motion as the "scissors" alternately open and close. This is transmitted to a crankshaft by tie rods as one-direction motion.

Bradshaw claims that an Omega one third the size of a normal automobile engine and weighing only 70 per cent as much will develop 30 per cent more power. The report is that an Omega engine will go into a British-built Grand Prix racing car.

## American automobiles

Experts within and without the auto industry have been having their own discussions about the future of America's pampered technological dar-

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ling. Despite disagreements, there is a surprising consensus on one point: the present all-purpose American car is likely to be superseded by specialized types. These are seen as a high-speed superhighway car and a minimum car, designed for maximum efficiency on short runs.

The Urbanite, as some engineers dub the small car, is proposed in various sizes, starting with a small electric model which could run only 35 miles a day and would have a cruising speed of 25 mph. (Its proponents point out that the average daily use of American automobiles is 26 miles.) Such a car would sacrifice high-speed roadability for economy, easy parking (some suggest swiveling wheels), and low maintenance. The problem of how to create snob appeal for such a car is met by pointing out that the car itself would be evidence that the owner could afford two cars.

The Highway Cruiser or Excursion Turbine, as it is variously called, would be bigger, probably more powerful than today's cars, and certainly better designed to handle well at prolonged high speeds. One proposed version would be a super station wagon, intended to sleep five, with a concave top that would cradle baggage while permitting higher doors that would make it easier to get in and out.

*Power Plant.* The gas turbine gets the nod for the big cruiser — probably located in the front to improve weight distribution, but with the exhaust vented out the back. One prediction is that the power will be held down to around 200 horse, which is about the largest capacity that does not require a huge pipe to carry off the exhaust. This 200-horsepower turbine job is said, however, to provide performance very close to today's 275-horsepower cars.

While there is general agreement that the turbine will appear in more expensive stock models in the next few years, there is little tendency to consider the piston engine as finished. Refined with superchargers, possibly with fuel injection systems rather than carburetors because of their cooler operation, and with horsepower increased even more, the reciprocating engine has a chance of survival because of its relatively low costs to manufacture and maintain.

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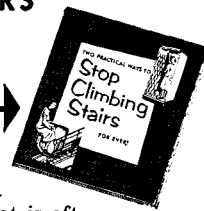
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DuPont has been running an experimental Lincoln with a fuel injection system for some time, while American Bosch has announced that it has developed the same sort of system. Fuel injection, in which cool gasoline is squirted directly into the cylinder, cools the engine and therefore permits it to run with lower-octane gasoline. It also makes vapor locks less likely.

**Lubrication.** According to one report in the petroleum trade press, researchers are now working on sealed lubrication systems that would not require attention for two or three years at a time.

**Paint.** DuPont has already announced a new auto paint that can go many months without waxing, and research is being conducted on paints that will outlast the cars.

**Tires.** The lifetime tire may be on the way — a new steel-wire cord is said to permit tires to run 300,000 miles. According to U.S. Steel, the wire is far stronger than any available fabric cord, making it possible for the cross-section of the tire to be unusually thin, with less tendency to accumulate heat. Tire manufacturers have been handicapped in promoting the new tire by a shortage of wire cord, according to Firestone. One important point: proper inflation of the tires is essential. Otherwise they flex and eventually snap inward.

#### Deadly seed

The newest development in insecticides is applied before the crop is even planted. Called Thimet, it is coated on the seed and later enters the system of the plant when the seed begins to sprout. If an insect nibbles the tender young shoots, he gets a big mouthful of insecticide that effectively disposes of him before he can do the plant any real harm.

American Cyanamid developed Thimet to deal with pests — thrips, mites, and aphids — that attack plants as they push through the ground before the farmer has a chance to spray. Chief problem was to make the insecticide stick to the seed — finally solved by combining it with methyl cellulose. Thimet itself is an organic phosphate.

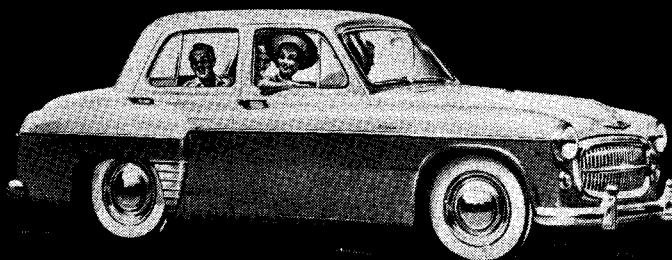
The new insecticide is now available only in the form of Thimet-treated cotton seed. It adds about \$3

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an acre to the crop cost, but eliminates several sprayings. Cyanamid's researchers are studying the use of Thimet with other crops.

### Fiber metallurgy

The familiar felting process used for hats is being tried with metal fibers to produce a new kind of metal. Researchers at Armour Research Foundation find that felting the fibers produces a metallic substance that is stiff, very porous, and light in weight—somewhat like the products of powder metallurgy, but much stronger and tougher.

The new metallic "felt" is expected to have a wide range of applications as filters, and in such specialized jobs as the porous device that distributes de-icing fluid along the edge of an air-plane wing. It might even be used in the wing itself as a way of allowing air to move through the wing surface, thus preserving streamline flow, increasing the lift, and reducing drag.

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### Nuclear "microscope"

The principle of the electron microscope is being tried on a much larger scale at Stanford University with the hope of exploring the nucleus of the atom itself. In the electron microscope, the shape of an extremely small object is determined by bombarding it with electrons, then measuring how the object deflects the electrons.

The Stanford researchers have harnessed a full-size electron linear accelerator that hurls the electrons with 10,000 times the energy of the ordinary electron microscope. What happens to the particles en route is measured by a magnetic spectrometer at the other end. The deflections there recorded enable physicists to prepare charts describing the atomic nucleus as if it had been enlarged 100,000 times. With the new microscope they have already discovered the diameter of the proton, smallest particle of matter within the nucleus.





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President, Association of American Railroads

Three outstanding facts about transportation in the United States today are:

1. that "within the short span of one generation this country has witnessed a transportation revolution";
2. that "during this same period, government has failed to keep pace with this change"; and
3. that "in many respects, government policy at present prevents, or severely limits, the realization of the most economical use of our transportation plant."

These statements are not mine. They are from a report made by a special committee of Cabinet officers and other high ranking government officials established by President Eisenhower in July, 1954. The report, made public by the White House in April, 1955, was unanimous, being concurred in by all seven of the Cabinet-level officers who composed the Committee.<sup>1</sup>

The key recommendation of the Cabinet Committee is that in today's competitive transportation world, where the user has his choice of many

means of carriage, greater reliance should be placed on competition in pricing as among the various modes of transport. This is what the Committee regards as the "cornerstone" of a modern system of regulation designed to bring about a more effective use of our transportation resources.

#### **Regulation, Yes, But Not Allocation**

As matters now stand, one of the principal tests applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its control over rate competition among the different types of carriers is the concept that the government's power to regulate rates should be used to see that each form of transportation gets what the Commission deems to be its "fair share" of the available traffic.

Thus, when the railroads proposed to reduce rates upon tank-car movements of petroleum products in California and Oregon as a means of regaining some of the traffic which had been lost to barges and trucks, the Interstate Commerce Commission found that the proposed rates, while yielding revenues which would "contribute substantially to the overhead burden and profits," should nevertheless be rejected because they were lower than the cost to the shipper of using the competing barge-truck routes and thus "lower than is necessary fairly to meet the competition." Moreover, from the Oregon points, the ICC ordered the rates cancelled because they would "affect adversely the maintenance of competitive motor-carrier transportation."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Revision of Federal Transportation Policy: A Report to the President, April, 1955. U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, pp. iv, 20. Members of the Committee are Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, Chairman; Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense; and Arthur S. Flemming, Director, Office of Defense Mobilization, and, as Ad Hoc Participating Members, George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury; Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; and Rowland E. Hughes, Director, Bureau of the Budget. The report and recommendations of the Committee are unanimous.

<sup>2</sup> 284 ICC, pp. 287, 296, 304, 306.



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For like reasons, the Commission has refused to allow railroads to make competitive reductions which they have proposed in rates on sugar from ocean ports to Cincinnati and Louisville, on tin-plate from Alabama to New Orleans, on petroleum products from Whiting, Indiana, to Illinois points, on coffee from Los Angeles and San Francisco Bay points to Northern Utah and Idaho, on magazines from Philadelphia and Darby, Pennsylvania, to Texas, on sulphur from Texas to Wisconsin, on scrap rail from Gulf ports to Chicago and on aluminum articles from Texas to Illinois and Iowa — to name a few other instances.

Such a policy of attempting to allocate business among the different types of carriers requires, in effect, that one form of transportation hold an “umbrella” over the rates and traffic of its competitors by another form of carriage. But if one form of transportation, because of its inherent nature, is able to move a given commodity between given points at a lower rate than competing forms, to do so at a profit, and to do so without discriminating against other shippers, then why should not the low-cost carrier have the business and why should not the public have the saving?

That, in essence, is what the Cabinet Committee’s report proposes — namely, that the law should make it clear that through its power of rate regulation neither the Interstate Commerce Commission, nor any other governmental body, should undertake to allocate and divide business among the different types of carriers. The position of the Cabinet Committee is that “the market” — competitive pricing along with competitive service — can do this job better than it can be done by any sort of government allocation.

### Essential Rate-Making Standards Maintained

In taking this position, the Presidential Committee did not recommend, and no one contemplates, doing away with the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate rates. Rates would still have to be published in tariffs filed by the carriers with the Interstate Commerce Commission, as they now are, and still would have to be adhered to as published. Rates still would not go into effect ordinarily until 30 days after filing, and there still would be opportunity for shippers or other carriers to protest or for the Commission to act on its own motion.

The Commission would still have responsibility and power to see that rates are neither unreasonably high nor unreasonably low — a principal

test being that they shall be compensatory to the carrier proposing them — and that they do not unjustly prefer or discriminate against any person, any community, or any region. But within these limitations, the recommendations of the Presidential Committee contemplate that competitive pricing, as well as competition in service, should prevail.

Such a result could be accomplished by a simple change in the statutory standards to be applied in determining whether a proposed rate is lower than a reasonable minimum, without affecting the other standards presently applied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The essential standards would continue as they now are *except* that in determining whether a proposed rate would be less than a reasonable minimum the Commission shall not consider its effect upon the traffic of any other mode of transportation, nor its relation to the charges of any other mode, nor whether it is lower than necessary to meet the competition of any other mode of transportation. Such a proviso would make it perfectly clear that the Interstate Commerce Commission is not expected to undertake an artificial and arbitrary apportionment or distribution of traffic among the several forms of transport.

With traffic distributed in accordance with the natural capabilities and advantages of each kind of carrier, a better balanced development of our national transportation plant would follow. In such a development, each mode of surface transport — rail, highway and water — would take its proper place and part, performing those services which it can do better and more economically than the other modes, with both rates and service always taken into consideration. And the public, the users of transportation, would get the benefit.

This sound idea, so thoroughly in accord with the customs, the traditions and the thinking of the American people, has been met with bitter objection from spokesmen for some of the trucks — principally the heavy highway freight haulers — and some of the inland waterway barge carriers.

They have objected to the composition and the procedures of the Cabinet Committee and the working group, or staff, by whom it was assisted. Attempts have been made to create an impression that the working group gave consideration to the views of the railroad industry alone, but the fact is that other groups also submitted their views





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and that representatives of the trucking industry submitted written recommendations and also discussed them with the chairman of the group. The insinuation that the seven high government officials who concurred in its unanimous recommendations, and also the group of highly qualified and disinterested private citizens who did the preliminary staff work, listened only to railroad representations is simply not true.

### The "Monopoly" Bugaboo

According to assertions of trucking spokesmen, this recommendation for greater freedom of competition between different modes of transportation would turn transportation back to a state of "cut-throat competition" said to have existed before 1887, when the original Act to Regulate Commerce was passed.

There isn't a chance of a return to the conditions of 1887, either in the physical facts of transportation or the legal terms under which the business is conducted.

In 1887, the only effective competition was that among railroads. Since then, billions of dollars have been spent on building and improving waterways, and the waterways are here and will remain. Many more billions have been spent on improved highways, and the highways are here and will remain. These waterways and highways are used by tens of thousands of common and contract carriers by water and by motor vehicle. They are also open to the use of anyone who wishes to move his own goods in his own vehicle and vast tonnages are so moved. Indeed, nearly two-thirds of all intercity freight traffic on the highways and more than nine-tenths of inland waterway traffic is either of this character or is otherwise exempt from interstate regulation as to rates. The mere physical facts as to the extent of transportation facilities in this country, and the variety of their ownership and use, make any chance of general monopoly in transportation too remote to deserve consideration.

From the standpoint of the laws, there has been an equally striking change. Prior to 1887 rates could be made in secret. Now rates are required to be published, with due public notice, and must be adhered to as published. Prior to 1887, there was no statutory prohibition against discriminations or preferences in rates. Now, rates of regulated carriers cannot discriminate against one shipper, or commodity, or community, or region, and cannot prefer another.

There is no recommendation in the Cabinet Committee's report which would depart from these requirements. Adoption of the Committee's report would not authorize the making of secret rates. It would not do away with the requirements of public notice and of adherence to the published rate. It would not permit the making of rates which are either discriminatory or preferential. And the Interstate Commerce Commission would have power to enforce these principles, as well as to prohibit rates which are either unreasonably low or unreasonably high.

No, with competition what it is and the laws what they are — and what they will remain if greater freedom of competition in pricing as among the different modes of transportation is adopted — there is no possibility that a transportation monopoly could be created or sustained.

### No Below-Cost Rates

But motor and water carriers assert that to permit greater freedom in the making of competitive rates would enable the railroads to destroy highway and waterway competition. It must always be remembered, however, that under the Cabinet Committee's recommendation, as well as under present law, railroads could not make below-cost rates. If it be true, as claimed by spokesmen for trucks and barges, that they could not continue to exist in the face of competitive rates which are compensatory and non-discriminatory, then it would follow that trucks and barges often would have no proper place in the transportation system and would exist only because the railroads are restrained from meeting their competition.

Such an assertion is, of course, absurd. In transporting many kinds of freight, trucks and barges have advantages in service or cost or both. The report contemplates that trucks and barges should have complete opportunity to give full force and effect to their competitive advantages whenever they exist — the same opportunity, in fact, as is proposed for the railroads.

Another assertion of opponents of the recommendation, equally baseless, is that greater freedom in competitive rate-making would burden shippers of so-called non-competitive or "rail-bound" traffic. The assertion has repeatedly been made that if rail rates on competitive traffic are reduced it would be necessary for non-competitive traffic to pay higher rates to offset the revenue losses.



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### **Rates x Volume = Revenue**

Such assertions rest on a completely erroneous premise, namely, that lower competitive rail rates would reduce rail revenues. Railroad revenues are the product of two factors, rates and volume. The only motive or purpose the railroads would have in publishing reduced competitive rates would be to attract enough increased volume to more than offset the reduction in rates, and thus to produce greater net revenue.

Such competitive rates, it should be borne in mind, would be required to be compensatory as well as non-discriminatory so that instead of hurting non-competitive traffic, they would benefit it by reducing the share of the necessary fixed overhead expense the non-competitive traffic is called upon to bear. What the shippers of non-competitive traffic have real reason to fear is that competitive traffic will continue to be drained from the railroads, thus increasing the burden of overhead and fixed expense which will have to be borne by the traffic remaining on the rails.

How this works in practice was well stated by the Interstate Commerce Commission as follows:

"It is a well-established and generally recognized rule that if additional business can be taken on at rates which will contribute at least a little in addition to the actual out-of-pocket expense, the carrier will be advantaged to that extent and all its patrons will be benefited, to the extent to which such traffic contributes to the net revenue."

### **The Competitive Principle**

The competitive spirit has been the driving force of progress in America; the competitive principle is the very foundation of our national economy. That greater reliance should be placed on this principle in the determination of rates as among the several kinds of carriers — always subject to the continuing limitations of essential ICC regulation outlined above — is the heart of the Cabinet Committee's recommendations.

While spokesmen for trucking and barge interests object to the principle, it has received the endorsement of such major organizations of users of transportation as the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the Chamber of

Commerce of the United States, and the National Industrial Traffic League, which is the major nation-wide organization of men who, as shippers, deal daily with the practical problems of rate making and regulation.

What this experienced body of transportation experts, who use the services of every kind of carrier and are concerned only with maximum transportation efficiency, has to say on the subject is particularly in point. On November 23, 1955, the League approved amendment of Section 15a(2) of the Interstate Commerce Act by adding the following proviso to the considerations to be taken into account by the Interstate Commerce Commission in "the exercise of its power to prescribe just and reasonable rates":

"Provided, however, that in determining a minimum rate the commission shall not consider the effect of such rate on the traffic of any other mode of transportation, the relation of such rate to the rate of any other mode of transportation, or whether such rate is lower than necessary to meet the competition of any other mode of transportation."

Without going into any of the technical details involved, President Eisenhower, in his message on the state of the Union submitted to the Congress on January 5, 1956, had this to say:

"In my message last year, I referred to the appointment of an advisory committee to appraise and report to me on the deficiencies as well as the effectiveness of existing Federal transportation policies. I have commended the fundamental purposes and objectives of the committee's report. I earnestly recommend that the Congress give prompt attention to the committee's proposals."

Fundamental among these proposals is that to allow greater freedom in pricing among the different types of transportation. Under such conditions, with each user of transportation free to choose the type of carriage which best meets his needs for any particular task, the transportation needs of the nation as a whole would be met with maximum efficiency and at minimum cost — and the producer, the shipper, the consuming public and the national defense all would benefit.

*We shall be glad to send additional copies of "The Right to Compete: Cornerstone of Modern Transportation Regulation" to those who request them. Address: Association of American Railroads, 815 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.*



# ATLANTIC

# Repartee

## LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

### "Lung Cancer and Smoking"

SIR:

After reading Dr. Charles S. Cameron's article on the relationship of cigarettes to lung cancer ("Lung Cancer and Smoking," January *Atlantic*), I wondered why the American Cancer Society has not taken a firmer stand than it has. I realize that there cannot be a statement made to the effect that smoking definitely causes lung cancer; but with such overwhelming evidence, that there is some connection cannot be denied. I believe that the American Cancer Society and also the American Medical Association should therefore actively urge the public to stop smoking themselves to death.

LESLIE H. BREDEN  
*University, Ala.*

SIR:

Congratulations on Dr. Cameron's article. It seemed to me he avoided both of the emotional extremes and laid the evidence on the line fairly for the reader to apply in drawing his own conclusions. That's quite a lot in these times of violent espousal.

MERRILL ANDERSON  
*New York City*

### "Billingsley's Bird Dog"

SIR:

Dillon Anderson is in truly great form in "Billingsley's Bird Dog" (December *Atlantic*). If new readers enjoyed it half as much as did I, an old Anderson fan, they had, in Texas lingo, a real good time.

Your introduction of Mr. Anderson at the top of the page is good; but let us not forget that he has written other things, notably *I and Claudie*.

Any reader who likes his type of humor simply has not lived until he has read *I and Claudie*.

MRS. J. E. CLAYTON  
*Rogers, Ark.*

SIR:

The editorial introduction to "Billingsley's Bird Dog" stated that Old Ruff is a bird dog which has to be seen to be believed. Not so, because for the last ten years I have been hunting with his mate, Old Patricia.

IVAN T. SHUEY  
*Brooks, Calif.*

### "Scientist and Humanist"

SIR:

Cheers, both emotional and intellectual, for Dr. I. I. Rabi and for you who published him ("Scientist and Humanist," January *Atlantic*). As a scientist with a high degree of the very articulateness of which he regrets the general lack, he should be welcomed on every campus and given the keys to every "unventilated ivory tower." I have pasted at least one of his paragraphs on my office wall, and I am thrusting my copy of the magazine under every eye I can catch.

CHARLES A. GREENE, JR.  
*Bethesda, Md.*

SIR:

Dr. Rabi's deep-probing essay was most interesting. As one with college degrees in both a natural and a social science, I have some awareness of the awesome gap between these two kinds of knowledge.

My own approach to the problem is slightly different from Dr. Rabi's, however. His lucid description of the situation in which even not-so-

ancient man found himself — that is, living in a world of which he understood far less than about himself and his society — provides a clue to the modern dilemma. What has happened, it seems, is that this posture has been reversed, so that man knows relatively much more about his "natural" than about his "social" environment. Indeed, man's understanding of his mental self has remained virtually stagnant save only for the pioneer work of Freud and his successors. It is not surprising, therefore, that people should wish to recover the humanistic ideal as merely the basis for greater progress in the understanding of human nature, both collective and individual.

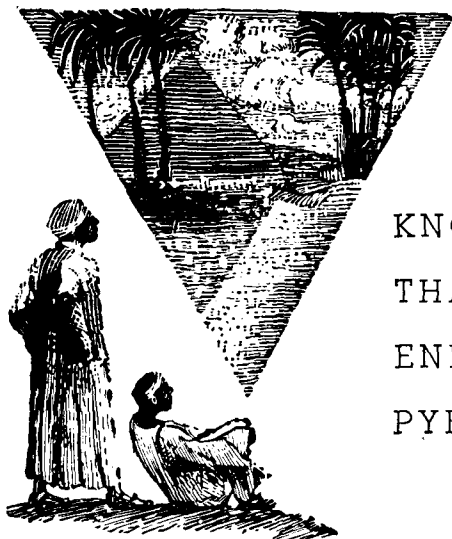
PAUL GRAESER  
*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

SIR:

I thought poets were paranoid about their social status, but Dr. Rabi convinces me that physicists (in this golden age of physics) also feel neglected and persecuted.

When a man imagines that "the great majority of educated laymen" regard his calling with "a naïve awe mixed with fear and scorn" he is in a bad way; but I sympathize, for I am jumpy too — and look for educated laymen under my bed.

I couldn't agree more heartily with Dr. Rabi's plea for cross-fertilization and coöperation, but I am annoyed by a sneaking air of patronage. We are invited not to share the world, but to capitulate on honorable terms. Meanwhile, Dr. Rabi can rest easy about this layman. I may have some fear of the scientist's products turned loose in the world (as I might have of



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a revolver in the hands of an ape),  
but I have little awe and no scorn.

JUDSON JEROME  
Yellow Springs, Ohio

### Correction

SIR:

I should like to point out, if I may, an error in the Latin quotation given by John Masters in his narrative "With the Gurkhas," in the January *Atlantic*. It should read, "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" — not "custodies" as it was in the story.

ERNEST R. BARRA  
Yonkers, N.Y.

### "Negro Neighbors"

SIR:

Hannah Lees has written an article long overdue in "Negro Neighbors" (January *Atlantic*), and I for one am grateful to her and to the editors of the *Atlantic* for a clearly presented case. I suppose the classic instance of the Negro's relatively homeless condition is that of the Andrew Wades in Louisville, Kentucky, and of newsman Carl Braden's involvement in their behalf.

One note may be added to the Lees piece. The color tax exacted of Negroes when they buy into "exclusive" sections does not stop with the purchase; it is prorated over their entire span of life as property owners. The tax assessors get a copy of the bill of sale and increase tax rates accordingly. This has happened in Baltimore, Maryland, on such a wide scale that it may be said with some truth that this city's Negro citizens have paid for the resettlement of whites who are fleeing to newly constructed homes near the edges of Baltimore. Hence municipal and state governments come in for a share of what Negroes have to pay out of incomes rated at 52 per cent of the national average.

HENRY F. WINSLOW  
Maspeth, N.Y.

### I Personally —

SIR:

Is it too late for me to add a postscript to the correspondence aroused by Kenneth Tynan's article, "British Cultural Fatigue" (November *Atlantic*)?

If Great Britain, which was the only one of the Allies to fight two world wars from start to finish (and for one year gloriously alone), and which endured subsequent years of privation with a resolution and stoi-



cism that undoubtedly helped to stabilize a tottering Europe, should show "cultural fatigue," it would be understandable, and such critics as Mr. Tynan should have the grace to keep silence.

It has become a regular custom to enter the British Lion, with or without floral tributes. He resurrects no less regularly. I should also like to point out to one of your correspondents that comfort is not synonymous with culture. In the history of peoples it has too often been the hallmark of decadence.

IDA A. R. WYLIE  
Belle Mead, N.J.

### Homemade Bread

Sir:

After reading in the January *Atlantic* a letter on the wheat surplus, I felt I could tell some reasons for the surplus amount of wheat.

Don't blame the millers or the bakers; better look to the *homemakers*. Women just do not bake bread if they can help it. They do make all sorts of fancy rolls, beautiful to look at, that taste all right, but they are not nutritious and soon they fail to satisfy. Families need *bread*. I still bake my bread, making enough at a time so that I can give a loaf away occasionally. People are glad to get it, but they won't make it for their families.

MRS. JESSIE B. WALTERS  
Cody, Wyo.

Sir:

Robert P. Skinner's letter in the January *Atlantic* refers to Secretary Benson's statement that if we Americans would each eat one more slice of bread per day, there would be no more surplus wheat problem.

Here are two suggestions for the accomplishment of that commendable result:—

1. Relieve the consumers of the taxes necessary to support wheat prices.

2. Prevail on the commercial bakeries to make bread that is fit to eat.

H. LOUIS AUTEN  
Denver, Colo.

### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

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"Look at Spain!" the critics say, "and Italy and Colombia, too. And remember the Dark Ages and their persecutions!"

Implicit in these warnings, of course, is the suggestion that the people of so-called Catholic countries are compelled to remain loyal to the Church against their will. Any fair-minded person who really does "look at Spain" and other predominantly Catholic countries finds that they embrace Catholicism as a matter of choice, not compulsion.

People who take the trouble to "look" at the history of religious oppression are also often surprised at what they find. They discover that the religious persecutions—almost without exception—were actuated by political rather than religious purposes; and that the chief guilt for them should be laid at the door of the statesmen and ruling houses of the nations rather than the churches.

This fact was emphasized in an address to the Congress of the United States on January 8, 1826, by the then distinguished Bishop of Charleston, John England, who said: "...religion has been more frequently but a pretext with statesmen for a political purpose than the cause of persecution from zeal on its own behalf."

The Catholic Church, being universal, must exist under various flags and different political systems. In Colombia, for example, where the people are overwhelmingly Catholic, one statesman describes religion as "the fundamental pillar of our culture." The status of the Catholic Church in such a land would obviously be different than in the United States, where there are many



faiths—all entitled to the same rights and privileges.

In 1916 Cardinal Gibbons, dean of American bishops, said: "Separation of church and state in this country seems to Catholics the natural, the inevitable, the best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the state." Speaking for the Bishops in 1948, the late Archbishop McNicholas said U.S. Catholics would not seek union of church and state even if they constituted a majority.

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# How Free Men Work Together

by F. G. GURLEY

President of the Santa Fe Railroad

**T**he historic relations between the Santa Fe and the oil industry date back to 1894. In that year, a California oil company and the Santa Fe worked together in our shop at San Bernardino, Calif., to develop the first oil burner which could burn oil successfully in the firebox of a steam locomotive.

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One of the finest examples of two American industries working toward a common goal was the highly successful teamwork between the oil industry and the railroads in



**Fred G. Gurley**, president of the Santa Fe Railway System, has been a railroader for almost 50 years. A pioneer in modern motive power equipment, Mr. Gurley is a great believer in Diesel fuel. He is in an excellent position to evaluate the oil industry's part in improving American railroad transportation.

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*This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by the American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.*





*This is the first of two episodes to be drawn from KATHERINE ANNE PORTER's forthcoming novel, No Safe Harbor, which will appear under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint. No Safe Harbor, Miss Porter writes us, "began as a diary kept on board ship on my first trip to Europe in 1931. Little by little it began to turn itself into a story, by that mysterious process which I cannot explain, but which I recognize when it begins, and I go along with it out of a kind of curiosity, as if my mind which knows the facts is watching to see what my story-telling mind will finally make of them." Miss Porter is regarded as one of the masters of the short story, and her collections Flowering Judas and Pale Horse, Pale Rider have become classics in our time.*

## SHIP OF FOOLS

by KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

V ERA CRUZ-BREMERHAVEN, August, 1931. Though it was still broad daylight, the August sun, dipping into the far horizon, threw a burning track of light over the waters which ran like oil in the wake of the ship. The ladies of trade appeared on deck in identical black lace evening gowns, their fine smooth backs gleaming to the belt, their jeweled sandals flashing. They paced about slowly, and came face to face with the two priests who were pacing slowly also, their dark trap mouths locked, their relentless eyes fixed on their breviaries. The ladies bowed respectfully, the fathers ignored or perhaps did not see them. William Denny followed them at a safe distance once around, pausing now and then to appear interested in something in the depths of the sea, his Adam's apple bobbing ever so slightly. The bride and groom sat together in their extended chairs, watching the sunset in silence, their eyes tranced and mystified, their hands clasped lightly.

The Indian nurse brought the newly born baby to his mother, who received him rather helplessly in her inexperienced arms. Frau Rittersdorf, passing, took the liberty of a true woman who, though childless herself, and never ceasing to be thankful for it, still appreciated intuitively the glorious martyrdom of motherhood as enjoyed by others. With a smile of intimate sympathy for the mother,

she dropped silently on her knees to adore the divine mystery of life for a few seconds, admiring his feathery eyebrows and the tender mouth, the complexion to the last degree enviable. His mother looked on with a formal, unwilling smile, thinking her son was spoiled enough already, she wished people would let him alone; remembering how he woke and yelled in the night and pulled on her like a pig when she was tired to tears and wanted only to sleep.

"Such a splendid man-child," said Frau Rittersdorf. "Is he your first?"

"Ah, yes," said the mother, and there was a shade of terror in her face.

"A fine beginning," said Frau Rittersdorf, "a perfect little general. El Generalissimo, in fact!" She had been told by her German friends that every second male Mexican was a general, or intended to be, or called himself one, at least.

The mother could not, after all, quite resist the flattery, however crude, however German in its style. El Generalissimo indeed! How vulgar; still, she knew her child was superb, she loved to hear him praised, even in Spanish with such an atrocious accent. Somehow Frau Rittersdorf led the talk from infant to mother; began to speak pretty good French, which delighted the Mexican woman, who prided herself on her command of that language.

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Frau Rittersdorf learned with great satisfaction that Madame was the wife of an attaché in the Mexican Embassy in Paris, she was even now on her way there to join her husband; it had been impossible — “Well, you can see why,” said the mother — for her to accompany him. Frau Rittersdorf was soothed in her highest social sense to find a lady in diplomatic circles among the passengers; there would be someone to associate with, after all. Señora Esperón y Chavez de Ortega for her part rapidly seemed to sink in mood, to become a touch distraught, perhaps only natural in her situation. El Generalissimo opened his eyes, waved his fists and yawned divinely in Frau Rittersdorf’s face. His mother frowned just perceptibly and pleaded, “Oh, please don’t wake him. He has only just got to sleep. If you could imagine the trouble we have with him — colic and all!”

Feeling slightly rebuffed, Frau Rittersdorf rose instantly and took her leave with such exaggerated politeness it hardly stopped short of rudeness. The little Mexican woman was, after all, probably not particularly intelligent, perhaps not even particularly well-bred. It was rather difficult to judge the standards of the dark races; even Don Pedro in Mexico, whose failure to ask for her hand in marriage after what had seemed irreversible overtures — was there not something sinister in his nature? And yet — could it have been the fact of his owning a great brewery? — he had at times seemed to her so human, so Germanized, she had been quite lulled and led astray. She walked on faster, shaking her head.

## 2

HERR LÖWENTHAL, who had been put at a small table by himself, hung around watchfully for a while first in the salon, then the bar, then out on deck, wandering and disturbed; but no one spoke to him and he therefore spoke to nobody. He peered here and there at every face that passed, a quick glance and away, trying to pass unobserved himself, yet hoping to see one of his own people. It was hardly to be believed, in all his life it had never happened to him, but here it was, the thing he feared most was upon him: there was not another Jew on the whole ship. Not one. A German ship, going back to Germany, and not a Jew on board besides himself. Oh, how could such a thing have happened? Instantly his pangs of instinctive uneasiness mounted to positive fright, accompanied by a cold hostility to the whole alien world of the Goyim, so deep and pervasive it was like a movement of his blood; and his courage came back on this tide, incomplete, wavering, but bringing its own sense of restored good health of the mind. He made the rounds once more, this time with a bolder eye and a well-composed air which concealed his little worry — but no, of course, why look any longer? If there had been another, they would

have seated him at the same table. They would have spotted each other before now. Well, there would be nobody to talk to, but it wouldn’t cost him anything to be friendly with these people; he intended to get along as well as possible on the voyage. He sat down in the bar near a rather decent-looking pair of middle-aged fat persons with a white bulldog at their feet, thinking that if they spoke to him he might pass half an hour in some sort of sociability — better than nothing, and that was barely all it could be. But he never liked to speak to Gentiles first, and they did not turn their heads his way. After two beers he decided he was tired, ready for bed. The cabin was empty except for the other passenger’s luggage. Herr Löwenthal put his sample case out of the way, laid out his modest toilet articles, put on his phylacteries, and climbed into the upper berth and said his prayers, wondering what sort of cabin mate he had. Perhaps the fellow would be quite pleasant. After all, in a business way at least, he had known some very decent Gentiles. Maybe this would be one. He lay there with the light on, unable to go to sleep, waiting and watching for what sort of man would open the door. At last, at the sound of entry, he lifted his head eagerly. “*Grüss Gott*,” he said, almost before he got a glimpse of the man.

Herr Rieber stopped short. Almost instantly a deep look of repulsion set itself upon his snubby features; he drew his brows down and pursed his lips. “Good evening,” he said, with immense cold finality.

Herr Löwenthal fell back upon his pillow, knowing the worst as if he had always known it. “My God, the luck! and for such a long voyage,” he mourned inwardly. “And yes, there is no doubt, he looks like a pig even more than a Gentile.” But he would be careful, he would be watching all the time, he would see that the fellow did not get the advantage of him. “Let me just see what he does next, after this start. After all, now I know what to expect, I should be ready for him.” So he worried and fretted, turning over and over; but he slept after a while, his brows knitted, but very deeply and restfully in spite of Herr Rieber’s snores.

Life on shipboard had already in only two days begun to arrange itself with pleasant enough monotony, but on the third there was repeated the excitement of being in port again, in Havana. This time the travelers had nothing to worry about, nothing to do for once but enjoy themselves so far as they were able. Fresh hot-weather dress appeared on all shapes and sizes, and there was a rush for the gangplank before it had fairly settled. Even Herr Glocken went ambling down the dock by himself, in a gay necktie frayed at the knot, smiling like a gargoyle as he dodged with practiced quickness a bold young woman who darted forward to touch his hump for luck.



The ladies of trade, arriving at home from their business trip in Mexico as casually as though returning from a day's shopping in town, walked away together in white linen backless dresses and fine wide-brimmed Panama hats. William Denny, a discreet distance behind, followed them determinedly, to find out if possible what sort of house sheltered these haughty creatures on their native heath. He was soured and baffled by their resolutely unbusinesslike behavior toward him. "Women peddling tail don't usually carry it so high, where I come from," he remarked to David Scott. "It's just cash on the barrelhead and no hurt feelings." David had merely remarked that he thought that could easily be a bore. So Denny had set out by himself, resolved to track them to their lair and boldly invite himself inside. But along a narrow street of shops one of them turned around unexpectedly to look into a window, saw Denny, nudged the other. They both looked back then, and breaking into high girlish screams of derisive laughter, they darted into a narrow doorway and disappeared once for all. Denny, scalded bitterly, let a pale sneer cover his countenance and an ugly short epithet form in his mouth; then, like a man who had plans of his own, he took a small map meant for tourists out of his pocket and began a search for Sloppy Joe's.

## 3

LET'S be real tourists this once," said Jenny Angel to David Darling, for so they called each other, though their real names were Jenny Brown and David Scott. "I have no prejudice against tourists — I consider that a low form of snobbism. I envy them, lucky dogs with money to spend and time on their hands! I always have to work. I am on a job or running an errand for somebody . . . even in Paris if I ever get there, I'll still have to do those silly drawings for somebody's foul little stories; and now don't say I'm riddled with self-pity, David Darling —"

"You always say that, I never do," said David.

"All right," said Jenny, "but never in my whole life did I ever go anywhere just to look at the scenery. Now is the moment to begin. Let's take a Fordito and see the sights, such as they may be. I've passed through Havana this is the fourth time and it may be the last, and I've never seen the beach and that famous Drive, what's its name?"

David lapsed into what Jenny called his speaking silence; she saw by the expression drifting over his face that he thought it a good idea. They had not far to look, for there on the first corner was an aged Negro with a crippled-looking Ford car — "a real Fotingo," said Jenny, a Mexican popular name for such a vehicle — and he was waiting and hoping for just such as they. The Negro's skin was the color of brown sugar; he had one light gray eye

and one pale tan eye, he believed that he spoke English, and he had a high-flown speech of solicitation made up and learned by heart. They waited politely to the end before nodding their heads; he settled them at once in the back seat where the door rattled on its hinges and the stuffing was coming out in lumps, and set off with an impressive clatter and roar of mechanical locomotion. He gained an appalling speed almost at once, and began another set piece, which flew back to them in fragments of roars and mutters as they whirled along the splendid white road beside the sea. He drove with one hand, his head almost reversed on his shoulders toward them, eyes fixed on the water.

"We are passing . . . . . Monument," he shouted, as they rushed by an incoherent mass of bronze, "WHICH COMMEMORATES . . . . ." he pronounced largely and carefully, then fell to a mutter. Then, "This," his voice rose again, ". . . . . the war of . . . . . year of Our Lord . . . . . and afterwards," he said clearly, "the Sons of Cuban Independence erected this noble monument for the view of strangers." Mutter, mutter, mutter. "We are now passing . . . . ." and they spun perilously around a long curve, "the building . . . . . erected for the view of strangers . . . . . TO YOUR LEFT," he called warningly, and Jenny and David craned to the left instantly, but the spectacle was already far behind, "you see a tragic memorial erected by the Sons of . . . . . for the view of strangers."

They slowed down with dizzying suddenness, stopped with a hard jolt. Their guide pushed back his cap and pointed to a vast, nondescript edifice shining through tall palms and heavy treetops in a small park. "And there," he said, in rather smugly censorious tones, "is the famous Casino, where rich North Americans gamble away, before the eyes of the starving poor, hundreds of thousands of dollars every night."

His passengers gawked as they were expected to; then David said to Jenny in an aside, "I don't think much of our touring, do you?" and in Spanish to the guide, who seemed to be regarding them with a certain possessiveness, "Now let's just drive back the same way, very slowly."

"I understand English perfectly," said the guide, in Spanish. "Your touring is not a success yet because you have not yet seen all. There are monuments of the utmost grandeur and sentiment the whole length of this Carrera, some of them more expensive and important than those you have seen. You are paying to see them all," he said, virtuously, "I do not wish to defraud you."

"I think our touring is perfect," said Jenny. "It is just what I expected. Let's see them all!" The Fordito leaped away again like a kangaroo in flight; they saw all the monuments in shapeless flashes, and were set down again, wind-blown and flushed with sunburn, under palms on a fine terrace freshly washed and steaming, with great wicker

bird cages along the wall and a banana tree in the patio. The waiter brought tall glasses of iced tea with rum in it.

"More and more," said David, feeling again for a few moments that repose of pure sympathy and well-being he had with Jenny now and then — not often enough or long enough for any continuous illusion, but good when it happened — "more and more I am convinced it is a great mistake to do anything or make anything for the view of strangers."

"Let's not ever," said Jenny, in a glow still from their foolish escapade along the beach. "Let's have a wonderful private life that begins in our bones, or our souls even, maybe, and works out."

She had hesitated and then spoken the word soul very tentatively, for it was one of David's tabus, along with God, spirit, or spiritual, virtue — especially that one! — and love. None of these words flowered particularly in Jenny's daily speech, but now and then in some stray warmth of feeling she felt the need for one or the other; but David could not endure the sound of any of them, and she saw now the stiff, embarrassed, almost offended look which she had learned to expect if she spoke one of them; yet he could translate them into obscene terms and pronounce them like an incantation; and Jenny, who blasphemed as harmlessly as a well-taught parrot, was in turn offended by what she prudishly described as "David's dirty mind." They were in fact at a dead end on this subject.

After a dismal pause, David said carefully, "Yes, of course, always a private life, which will wind up in galleries and magazines and art books if we have any luck at all. I suppose, considering the way we live, on handouts of jobs, we should look at it this way: every one of those monuments meant a good commission and a chance to work for some sculptor."

"But such sculptors!" said Jenny, intolerantly. "Such godforsaken awful stuff. No, I'll do all the chores I can get, but I mean to paint for myself alone —"

"I know, and hope that somebody else likes it too, likes it enough to buy it," said David. "There is something wrong with our theory of a private life so far as work is concerned."

"I want good simple people who don't know a thing about art to like my work," said Jenny. "I wish they would come for miles to look at it, as the Indians do the murals in Mexico City."

"That was a great piece of publicity, all right," said David, "you good simple girl! Those good simple people were laughing their heads off and making gorgeously dirty remarks; they were the ones who scrawled pubic hair on the copy of Canova's Pauline Bonaparte — didn't you ever notice any of this? Where were you?"

"I was there," said Jenny, without resentment.

"But I heard and saw other things too. I don't blame the Indians really. They have something better of their own, after all."

"I don't think it's better, I don't think it's as good in some ways; it's debased by now — after all, they find the best things in buried cities; but I do like it, and it's plain they prefer it. But they don't help us any. We are on our own, Jenny Angel. Let's not go fake primitive, we couldn't fool even ourselves. . . ."

"I love the Indians, though," said Jenny. "I've got a weakness for them. I feel certain I learned something from them, even if I don't know yet what it is."

"But they didn't love you," said David, "and you know it. And the only thing they wanted from you was your broken-down old Fotingo, last year; and my cigarette lighter; and the portable phonograph. We love their beautiful straw mats because we don't have to sleep on them, and they would like spring mattresses. No, I don't blame them either."

Jenny laughed because she felt very baffled and melancholy for a moment. "I suppose it's all true as far as it goes, but there's something else . . . I know I'm much too simple to be a good primitive."

"I don't think they are any more complicated than we are," said David. "They tie a different set of knots, that's all."

"That *isn't* all," said Jenny, "not by any means."

David, hearing the thin edge in her voice, said no more. They finished their second tea and rum in a comfortable-looking silence; wondered what time it was, had to ask the waiter because they complicated their lives on principle by refusing to wear watches; and strolled back toward the harbor.

#### 4

THE heat was overwhelming, the life of the streets wandered torpidly in a sluggish dream, the charge of daylight was almost staggering, and sweat broke from every pore of every human being; the tongues of dogs streamed, and Jenny and David, in their cool-looking linen, were wet and streaked and almost gasping by the time they reached the dock. At the entrance of the long shed through which they must pass to the ship, they saw first a large thick cluster of human beings with frowzy dark heads and ragged clothing. There was no space to pass among them, for their bundles wrapped in hemp fiber sacks tied with rope lay on the ground, filled their arms, and bulged from their shoulders. There were men and women of all ages, in every state of decay, children of all sizes and many babies in arms. All these people were unbelievably ragged and dirty, hunched over, silent and miserable. Several of them, seeing the two strangers, quietly pushed and nudged at their bundles and each other in signal, until a narrow way was cleared. "Pass

if you please," they murmured in Spanish, and "Thank you, thank you," said Jenny and David, edging through carefully. The crowd thinned a little then, but the whole huge shed was filled with them. They sat huddled on the ground, they stood formlessly bowed over, they leaned in tired arcs against the walls.

The air was not air any more, but a hot clinging vapor of sweat, of dirt, of stale food and befouled litter, of rags and excrement: the reek of poverty. The people were not faceless: they were all Spanish, their heads had shape and meaning and breeding, their eyes looked out of beings who knew they were alive. Their skins were the skins of the starved who are also overworked, a dark dirty pallor, with green copper overtones, as if their blood had not been sufficiently renewed for generations. Their bare feet were bruised, hardened, cracked, knotted in the joints, and their hands were swollen fists. It was plain they were there by no will or plan of their own, and in the helpless humility of complete enslavement they were waiting for whatever would be done to them next. Women nursed their starveling infants; men sat fumbling among their wretched possessions, tying them up more firmly; they picked at their feet or scratched in their hair; or they sat suspended in uneasy idleness, simply staring. Pale anxious children, miserable, uncomplaining, sat near their mothers and gazed at them, but asked for nothing.

Several officious-looking men were moving among them, counting them with pointing fingers, writing down something, consulting with each other and steadying themselves as they felt their way between bodies by laying a hand upon the nearest head as if it were a newel or a doorknob. If they wished one of the people to move aside, they did not speak, but gave a gentle impersonal push on a shoulder, without looking at the one they had touched. The strangest sort of silence was over the whole scene — strange, thought Jenny, because the misery is so great and something so terrible is happening to them, you might think they would all be howling and crying and fighting to escape. "David, what can it be?" she asked, but he shook his head. They came out into the open air, and there was the ship looming up, the gangplank ready.

Almost everyone on shipboard had forgot his reserves, and strangers were asking each other questions and getting answers full of rumor and conflicting theories. The young officers found themselves under a rapid fire of inquiries about the beggars on the dock who now seemed to be coming on board. The officers could only shake their heads. They were sorry, but they had no idea who the new steerage passengers were, nor why there were so many, nor what their situation was precisely, except that anyone could see they were of the lowest class. No doubt everything would be known in time.

This answer roused greater curiosity all around. Professor and Frau Hutten, who had persuaded their seasick bulldog Bébé out for a breath of air on solid earth, had been told by someone that the strange people were political malcontents and were being deported as a dangerous and subversive element. Professor Hutten, observing them carefully, remarked that they appeared to be quite harmless though unfortunate people. Herr Lutz, the Swiss hotelkeeper, told the Professor that he had heard that the people were returning to Spain because of a new and sudden demand for labor in that country: since they threw the king out, Spain was lining up for progress, catching up with the rest of the world. "Same old story," said Herr Lutz, "the grass looks greener in the next pasture until you get there. It is the first I have heard of prosperity in Spain."

Herr Rieber and Lizzi Spöckenkieker pranced onto the deck, and Lizzi screamed out to little Frau Otto Schmitt, whose tender heart was plainly to be surmised in her soft face: "Oh, what do you think of this dreadful fellow? Can you guess what he just said? I was saying, 'Oh, those poor people, what can be done for them?' and this fellow" — she gave a kind of winny between hysteria and indignation — "he said, 'I would do this for them: I would put them all in a big oven and turn on the gas.' Oh," she said weakly, doubling over with laughter, "can you believe such a thing?"

Herr Rieber stood by smiling broadly, quite proud of himself. Frau Schmitt went a little pale, and said in a motherly severe tone, "For shame. I don't think that's funny." Herr Rieber's face fell, he pouted.

Lizzi said, "Oh, he did not mean any harm, of course! Only to fumigate them, isn't it so?"

"No, I did not mean fumigate," said Herr Rieber, stubbornly.

"Well, then," said Lizzi, indulgently, "you are not very nice." But she smiled at him so forgivingly he smiled back, and they left the atmosphere of Frau Schmitt's moral disapproval for the freedom of the bar.

## 5

AT LAST the afternoon papers appeared on deck, and there was the whole story, quite straight, and nothing so unusual after all. It had something to do with the price of sugar in the world market. The bottom had fallen out, it seemed. Cuban sugar, because of international competition, had fallen in price until the sugar planters could no longer afford to gather and market their crops. There had been strikes and riots, too, and demands for higher wages, due to the presence of foreign labor agitators among the workers. The planters were burning their crops in the fields, and naturally this had thrown thousands of sugar workers in the fields and refineries out of employment. A great number of these were



Spanish, mostly from the Canaries and the Asturias, who had been imported during the great days of Cuban sugar. This policy of importation had turned out to be a farsighted one, for if these laborers had been Cubans, what could have been their fate except reliance on charity, beggary, or a haven in the public jails? As it was, the government had forestalled the inconvenience of so many idle foreigners on the island. Arrangements had been completed to send them back to their native land, their fares had been raised by public subscription, everything was being done for their comfort, and the first lot, consisting of exactly eight hundred and seventy-six souls, were already safely on their way. Thus, the newspaper stories and editorials agreed, Cuba was setting an example to the world in disposing of its labor problems in the most humane and yet practical manner.

The eight hundred and seventy-six souls formed a straggling procession and moved across the gang-plank leading to the steerage, while a dozen or more first-class passengers lined up above to watch them. Herded carefully on either side by sailors and the officious men who had been counting them, the people came on with some nervous jostling, thumping of feet, hesitations when the whole mass would be agitated, clotted in one spot; then it would smooth out and go forward. Among the watchers a new uneasiness rose, and Frau Rittersdorf mentioned it first.

"There is great danger of infectious disease among such creatures," she said to Herr Baumgartner at her elbow. "I am wondering — should we not complain to the Captain? After all, we did not engage to travel on a cattle ship."

Herr Baumgartner's pained face leaped into new lines of anxiety. "My God," he said, "I was thinking the very thought. I was thinking, you can almost smell the pestilence among them. No, it is not right; we should have been warned."

Professor Hutten remarked to his wife, "I was told by the purser the steerage contains accommodations for only three hundred, and yet look, still they come. I am interested to see what arrangements can possibly be made for such a number. Infants, too," he said, and clicked his tongue in deprecation. His wife sighed and shook her head, accepting once more the sad truth that there is no cure for the troubles of life, no peace or repose anywhere. Her comfortable fat quivered with some intimation of suffering, but she could not bear to think of it. "Come," she said, "let's not spy upon them. Suppose they looked up and saw us gazing?" She moved away, her face tender and vacant.

Bébé, somewhat improved in spirits, followed on a loose leash.

William Denny, who had made his way safely to Sloppy Joe's and had there swallowed rapidly several Daiquiris with increasing depression of mood, leaned on the rail and spoke at random in loud indignation. "Poor devils, they don't deserve it," he said, almost tearfully. "After all, why should they be deported? They're not dirty Reds; the papers said so."

Mrs. Treadwell, who had found herself once or twice in some passing talk with the young man, whom she considered odious, was standing almost next to him; she knew well that no matter what he thought or felt it was none of her affair, but spoke just the same on impulse, which she also knew very well was not her style, and always got her into some kind of difficulty.

"Why always 'dirty,' please," she said in her light agreeable voice, "and why always 'Red,' and what do you really care or know about it?"

Denny's head rolled a trifle; he stared at her as if he had never seen her before. "Are you a Red?" he asked. Without moving his folded arms he slid along the rail toward her, turned sidewise and inspected her as if she were a horse he was thinking of buying. His gaze ran like a hand to her ears, her neck, over her breasts, down her thighs, and his mouth was bitter, as if he did not like what he saw but could not control the roving of his eyes. Mrs. Treadwell made a determined effort to catch and fix his gaze with hers, but he would not look at her face, where a girlish prettiness lingered under the mask of approaching middle age.

"Do you know the meaning of the word?" she inquired coldly, moving from him along the rail as he approached. She regretted now the three planters' punches she had drunk with Wilhelm Freytag in Havana; for to tell the truth, she did not know the meaning of the word herself — it was just that she resented that stupid Denny to the point where she could have enjoyed slapping him. She had never known a Red and did not expect to.

"I know what I'd do to them if I were running the government," he said, in a heavy rage, peering into the front of her low-collared blouse. Mrs. Treadwell pulled herself together resolutely. How typical — here she was, about to get into an altercation with a drunken stranger, and a low *type* at that, on a topic of which both of them were totally ignorant, and she at least hadn't the faintest desire to learn anything. She turned her head away, wheeled about and walked away, smiling into the air and trying not to hurry.

*(To be continued)*



English novelist and ardent Roman Catholic, GRAHAM GREENE returned from an extended visit in Poland last autumn with these impressions of how a patriotic and intensely religious people reacts to its governors from Russia. Mr. Greene is widely known to Americans for his versatile writing: his psychological thrillers (*This Gun for Hire* and *The Third Man*); his serious novels on deeply religious themes (*Brighton Rock*, *The Heart of the Matter*, and *The End of the Affair*); and his first play, *The Living Room*, which aroused a good deal of controversy when it was produced in New York in 1954. Mr. Greene's new novel, *The Quiet American*, is being published by Viking this month.

## CATHOLIC TEMPER IN POLAND

by GRAHAM GREENE

### I

THE ancient editor-in-chief of *L'Humanité* was leaving Warsaw; they put flowers on him as you put flowers on a tomb. The smooth managerial types stood around and kissed the nicotineous yellow cheeks, and then they shoved him on board the plane. One pushed from behind, another lugged from in front, another took the hat off his long white locks, another caught his flowers: the Communist editor-in-chief went aboard.

My own fellow passenger was young, with a blue-gray puffy face; and when he took off his hat, you saw a shaven skull; he too had been seen off, and by his country's representative, who had succeeded after seven years in fishing him out of a Polish prison where he was serving fifteen years for espionage. He wouldn't talk, for another of his countrymen still lay in the same jail, but he ate — how he ate! There was more thick bread than anything else in our meal, but his tray was empty before I had eaten more than one sandwich, so he cleared my tray as well and emptied my briefcase of all the cookies and chocolates and sandwiches with which kind friends had stuffed it. The night before, he had eaten two kilograms of sausage, he told me, but he hadn't been able to sleep a wink in the comfortable legation bed.

Monsieur Cachin, the oldest French Deputy, dozed in his seat out of touch with the problems of *L'Humanité*, and I couldn't help smiling to think of the many readers who have asked me why I sometimes write thrillers, as though a writer chooses his subject instead of the subject choosing him. It sometimes seems as though our whole planet had swung into the fog belt of melodrama, but perhaps, if one doesn't ask questions, one can escape the knowledge of the route we are on. A venerable

old man with long white hair and long white mustaches says good-by to his warmhearted friends, and after life's fitful fever he sleeps well; a young man, as young men should, has a healthy appetite. The world is still the world our fathers knew.

It might even be possible so to regard Poland. In Warsaw the Old Town has risen like a phoenix: if we stand in the main square we find it almost impossible to believe that a few years past there was nothing here but a heap of rubble. Every house has been faithfully reconstructed: each bit of molding is exactly as it was.

At first I was inclined to praise the poetic sense of the Communist government. Hitler had said Warsaw was to be erased, and here it stands again: the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century houses, the little Apotheke, the old café. Faced with an eliminated town and the terrible problems of housing, one would have expected a Communist government to rear great tenement flats with perhaps another Palace of Art and Culture nearly (but not quite, for the Poles have taste) as hideous as the gift palace from Moscow that shoots up its useless tiers like a gangster's wedding cake in the center of the city. Poetic, imaginative, a little "reactionary," how charming to be able to praise a Communist government for these qualities.

But then a doubt niggles at the brain. The Old Town was destroyed in the insurrection of 1944, one of the bravest and foolhardiest episodes in all Polish history, when men armed with homemade grenades and a few pistols held out for two months against a German army already on the spot, seeing their city destroyed house by house rather than surrender, while the Russian generals halted their advance to allow Hitler time to eliminate these

men and women who had wanted to liberate themselves. Officially the insurrection never took place; there is no record of it — so I was told — in the Museum of War, and soon there will not even be any broken bricks to show that the Old Town had ever been destroyed. We know how Trotsky has been excluded from the history of the Revolution. Perhaps history now has to be rewritten architecturally, too.

A blinkered traveler can certainly find much that seems unchanged: the wide gray windy square of Cracow with its stone market colonnade full of toys and gay peasants' clothes and the apple women sitting in black shawls by the piles of bright apples; in Czeszochowa the trumpets' wail as the silver curtain descends at the last Mass over the most convincing portrait ever painted of Our Lady, with the Swedish lance-thrust in her cheek — "Help of the half-defeated"; the old streets of Lublin; the little fifteenth-century wooden church at Dembo with the relics of Sobieski in a vestry hardly larger than a confessional box; the humor and light-heartedness of Warsaw. (Let us give the Communist government the credit for being the source of so much humor; it was they who prevented for some while the publication of the dogma of the Assumption because they thought the date of the feast — which had been celebrated since the ninth century — was somehow connected with the defeat of the Russians by Pilsudski after the First World War.)

In the countryside there are still native craftsmen carving wooden saints and Stations of the Cross as though Byzantium had not fallen to the Turks; at a wedding in snowy Zaczopane the carriages waited, the drivers in the tight trousers of the Tatra mountains, while the inviters to the feast rode to and fro in their bright jackets, and the bride was drawn from the church by two men, and the bridegroom by two girls who held his arms, and the singing began as the carriages wheeled away.

The traditional storytellers still fix you with an Ancient Mariner's eye, and little touches of modernity only give life to the old fables. When we picked our way through the freezing mud of one village an old man told his tale of how he had visited the United States, where a Mr. Frick possessed two piles of gold and silver so large it would have taken twelve men to shift them. A friend of the storyteller had been invited to go and see the piles, but when he got there, Mr. Frick commanded him to add twenty-five dollars in gold and twenty-five dollars in silver to each pile. Oh, he had been properly caught, his friend had been. But when the old man was invited to visit the piles, he got the better of Mr. Frick, telling him, through his interpreter, "If there were seven million fools in the world, you could climb to heaven on your piles of gold and silver."

In the same way it would be possible to pass

through Poland, as it was possible for many tourists to pass through Mexico in the nineteen-thirties, and see no sign of tension between Church and State. But the State has learned wisdom since the experience of Mexico, and here in Poland, where the Church really represents the country, the Communist has to tread with care. The Church represented the nation against Russia in the days of the Tsar, it represented the nation against Hitler, and now it represents the nation, in the eyes of the nation, far more than the group of men who rule it in the interests of Russia.

Even the workers in Nowa Hutta, the new industrial city built out of nothing in three years on the plain outside Cracow, fill the churches — not always for religious motives, but as a little gesture of independence where the opportunities for independence are few. Nevertheless the number of communicants (and a man will not go to communion as a political act) has grown enormously. Only since the Revolution has the Pole, I believe, changed his habit of communicating on certain major feast days only.

But turn the stone and the position is not so happy.

The old independent Catholic press is dead. *Tygodnik Powszechny*, a Catholic weekly whose circulation ran into six figures, was closed down because the editor refused to prejudge one of those clerical trials in which the government unwisely indulged before it realized the strength of Catholic feeling. For some months there ceased to be a Catholic press, but this, too, did not suit the government, which needed the façade of religious toleration. *Tygodnik* was started again, though no member of the old staff consented to work for it, and it was put into the hands of the Pax movement.

## 2

THE Pax movement is perhaps the most ambiguous feature of Polish life today. The leader, Mr. Boleslaw Piasecki, was before the war a nationalist and an anti-Semite; during the war he was a partisan leader who fought courageously both the Germans and the Russians (he lost his first wife in the Warsaw insurrection). He surrendered to the Russians and was condemned to death. However, he was spared and taken to Moscow, whence to the astonishment of many Poles he returned to Warsaw with permission to start the Pax publishing firm and the Pax movement which forms a keystone of the so-called Clerical Lay Catholic National Front Activists.

Pax is a cadre consisting of only about 350 members, all laymen, and round that cadre, which reminds one a little of the Communist Party, there are a great many fellow travelers — many of genuine sincerity — including several thousand priests. Their ostensible aim is to support the social and



economic changes in Poland — many of which were both necessary and admirable — and to prove, as it were, the “progressiveness” of Catholics.

They are allowed to publish a certain number of books from the West (and one can give a great deal of praise to this activity, though the Catechism, which has been printed in hundreds of thousands, contains phrases of political significance unknown to our “penny” version). They have two weekly papers — the new *Tygodnik* with a circulation which has fallen to 30,000, and the *Dzis i Jutro*, a more ideological weekly with a circulation of about 5000. *Dzis i Jutro* has been put on the Roman Index, but, in spite of this, publication has been continued.

The opponents of Pax (who are the vast majority of Catholics in Poland) sometimes claim that the movement is Russian-inspired and was a clever attempt to divide the Church. One uses the past tense; for, if that was the intention of the Pax leaders, they have dismally failed. Pax has very little importance in the Catholic life of Poland.

Conventions are held: a vicar-general appears on the platform, priests with humorless and uneasy faces help to fill the big halls in Cracow and Warsaw; Vietminh priests (as the Eastern custom is) clap delightedly their own speeches, and Mr. Piasecki orates on the subject of the aggressive Atlantic powers in true Marxist terms. But the Church goes on without them, and congregations prefer for Mass or confession the churches which are served by a priest who is not a Patriot.

Peace, Democracy, Patriot — these words when spelled with a capital have been taken over in a special sense in Eastern Europe. Certainly among the fellow travelers of Pax there are many sincere patriots (without the capital letter) who wish to take part in the social reform of their country; and if a debt has to be paid by their Catholicism, they try to pay it in the smallest possible coinage.

It is too easy for us to condemn them. We have no Auschwitz to remember. The girl we entertain to dinner has no prison number tattooed upon her arm. Every visitor to Poland should be made to visit this camp of death where the prison blocks have been turned into a museum. One long corridor of glass contains behind it nothing but 20,000 tons of women's hair; another window forming a whole wall contains a hill of tiny shoes.

In Warsaw, on every waste patch, there are rough stovepipe crosses which are the people's memory of murder. No single Lidice is remembered — there were too many of them. The Katyn massacre fades into insignificance against six million dead. German rearmament to these people — Catholics as well as Communists — is a betrayal.

No crimes have been committed by Communists equal to what Poland has suffered from Germany.

But the crucial question which I found no follower of Pax ready to answer with directness or simplicity is: “Where is your point of resistance? At what point will you warn the government that if they go farther you will cease your collaboration and close down your presses? You exist. Therefore you must be of value. Therefore you have the possibility of blackmail.”

Apparently that point was not reached with the arrest of Cardinal Wyszyński, and the Cardinal's integrity lies on the conscience of many followers of Pax, but less, I think, on the conscience of their leaders. The Cardinal has now been released from prison and is confined in a convent at Komancza near Sanok, not far from the U.S.S.R. and Czech borders.

Officially he can see whom he pleases, and many a Pax follower emphasizes the salubrity and natural beauty of the region where he dwells. I presented Mr. Piasecki with an open letter addressed to the Cardinal, begging the favor of an audience and promising I would make no mention of our meeting in the press. I asked to receive even a refusal in his own hand, but no reply came.

I think it probable that the government regret the arrest of the Cardinal; they have gone too far, however, to withdraw, unless they can represent his return to Warsaw as part of a bargain. Such a bargain is not impossible, but the outsider is mystified, as so often, by the present policy of the Vatican. At the moment, Vatican policy seems directed as much against the Catholic people of Poland as against the Communist government.

No one in Poland today — except perhaps some old lady dreaming of the past in her denuded apartment — wants the return of an *émigré* government, and yet the Vatican recognizes an *émigré* ambassador. It is as if the Pope still received as the ambassador of Russia some White Russian grand duke from the days of Nicholas II. Nor are any Poles prepared to consider the return of the Western Territories to a Germany responsible for such immeasurable suffering; yet when the bishopric of Breslau fell vacant a German cleric was appointed who now lives in the comfort and security of Western Germany.

Most Catholics in Poland feel a pinprick to their pride when letters to administrators in the Western Territories are addressed by the Roman Curia to “Germania,” and pray for the day when the realities of the situation shall be recognized by the Vatican, and perhaps — in that case who knows? — the Cardinal they love may come back to his diocese in the capital of Poland.



*In the late autumn of 1943, thanks to high-frequency electronic research and unlimited audacity, the Allied air-sea forces at last began to thwart the U-boat offensive. This is the heroic story which REAR ADMIRAL SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, USNR (Ret.) tells in his new book, The Atlantic Battle Won, from which these episodes have been drawn. This is the tenth volume in his magnificent history of our Navy in the Second World War.*

## HUNTER-KILLERS IN THE ATLANTIC

*October–December, 1943*

by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

**E**CCE ET NAVES — There go the Ships. Always we come back to the convoys. Although the name is three centuries old, there had been nothing like these in all maritime history, and possibly never will be again: seventy to a hundred freighters and tankers of divers Allied and neutral flags — American, British, Panamanian, Brazilian, Dutch, Russian, French, Norwegian, and Greek; after 1943, Italian — manned by merchant mariners of every race and nation under the sun, from Finns with parchment-like faces to brown Lascars and black Africans; of all ages and conditions, from boys too young for the Navy to bearded and toothless old salts.

All American and British merchant vessels at this period — and many, too, under foreign flags — have guns and Naval Armed Guards. Besides the master on the bridge of an American vessel in a UGS (U.S. to Gibraltar slow) convoy is the commodore, and in another is the vice-commodore, who will take over if the flagship is sunk; both are retired officers of the United States Navy recalled to active duty, having the authority to crack the whip over smokers, stragglers, and rompers. No ego can be tolerated in these fleets of heavy-laden freighters, “fraught with the ministers and instruments of cruel war.”

Before the war most master mariners jeered at the idea of a convoy keeping uniform speed — it “couldn’t be done” with a fleet made up of perhaps thirty different types of hulls and engines; but it was done in World War I without radar and again in World War II with radar, greatest boon of scientist to sailorman since the chronometer. Even so, to an old-timer it seems a fresh miracle every morning when the rising sun lights the same ships in the same order as those dark shapes which faded in the deepening twilight the night before. And any vessel, even a Hog Islander or an average Norwegian

tramp with more rust than red-lead topside, is transfigured to a fair argosy when flooded by the first rosy light from the sun rising out of Africa.

Outside the compact main body of the convoy, in which the 10 to 15 columns are 800 to 1000 yards apart, and each ship’s bow not less than 500 yards ahead of the next one’s bow, plies the screen. The majority of its units are United States destroyers or DEs, with a few fast minesweepers and perhaps a couple of Fighting French corvettes to escort provision ships to North Africa when the convoy breaks up. Nine to eleven is the proper number in the fall of 1943. The advanced screen may steam as much as 10 miles ahead of the convoy, in order to detect surfaced U-boats; the close screen, according to weather, number of ships, or other circumstances, may be 5000 to 8000 yards outside the merchant ships, in a circular disposition. Each is continually questing for underwater enemies with the monotonous “ping” of her sonar, and for surfaced or flying enemies with the rotating grids of her radar sets. At the rear of the center column steams an escort tanker which breaks off when the screen needs oil, and fuels two ships at a time alongside at fair speed while two others of the screen mount radar and sonar guard. The escort commander, a destroyer division or squadron commander, has the direction of the entire disposition even though he be junior by twenty years to the convoy commodore. It is he who receives orders and messages from Cinclant or Tenth Fleet from the twice-daily Fox schedule and transmits them by blinker in daylight or short-range voice radio by night to whomsoever in the convoy they may concern; for merchant ships must keep radio silence. And often against the skyline can be seen the welcome silhouette of an escort carrier, with planes coming and going like bees around a hive.

Suppose we follow westbound Convoy GUS-18

(Gibraltar-United States slow), fifty-five merchant ships, most of them from Italy and the Middle and Far East. Formed at Port Said, it calls at Oran and at Gibraltar, where, on October 17, 1943, the British escort commander turns it over to Commander John Connor in *Stevenson*, whose escort group comprises eight destroyers and U.S.C.G.C. *Spencer*. Captain G. L. Woodruff is convoy commodore in S.S. *Thomas Pinckney*. Three ships join off Gibraltar and four are detached; off Casablanca, nine more merchant vessels, sweeper *Staff*, and escort oiler *Kennebec* join. The convoy now forms up in 13 columns, the center ones with six ships each, tapering off to two-ship columns on the wings, a circular formation that facilitates patrol by the screen. Steaming against the autumn westerlies, the speed of advance is set at 8 knots, and stations are well kept. Destroyer *Turner*, one of the advanced screen  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles ahead of the convoy center, runs down a radar contact in the evening of October 23 and sights a U-boat close aboard; she attacks with gunfire and depth charges and has the satisfaction of seeing the submarine assume an angle of 70 degrees and plunge. All she gets from the hard-boiled Tenth Fleet assessors is "insufficient evidence of damage," which turns out to be correct — that submarine escaped.

During the first two days of November, Convoy GUS-18 is scattered by foul weather over an area roughly 40 miles square, but re-forms successfully as soon as the storm abates. It enjoys continuous air coverage from departure to October 25, and again from the 31st until the Norfolk and New York sections part company off the Capes on November 4. An escort carrier group built around U.S.S. *Card* has furnished a part of this air support; but *Card* and her destroyers have had a good deal else to do during this passage.

### *The Card scores*

Well-blooded escort carrier *Card*, commanded by Captain Arnold J. Isbell, has as her screen the 1917-vintage flush-deckers *Borie*, *Barry*, and *Goff*. While *Card* was undergoing two weeks' overhaul at Norfolk in September, her escorts were fitted with the new FXR ("Foxy") gear, a contraption of parallel rods which clack together when towed, making an unholy racket designed to attract and detonate the new German acoustic torpedo. That it did, and very successfully, as *Card's* next cruise proved; unfortunately the noise drowned out the delicate sound gear on the towing ship at 10 knots or more, nullifying her principal means of sparring with a submerged U-boat. As no scientist came up with a remedy, some destroyer skippers took to stationing a bluejacket on the fantail with a sharp axe, ready to cut away Foxy when sound contact was established.

On his eastward passage to Casablanca in wide support of Convoy UGS-19, Captain Isbell at 9:01

A.M. on October 4 received a radio signal from one of his Avenger pilots: he had sighted a veritable jackpot — four submarines fueling within a radius of 500 yards! The biggest, *U-460*, had just topped off *U-264* and was getting lines across to *U-422* while *U-455* stood by for its turn. *Card*, 83 miles distant, launched three more planes. Lieutenant R. L. Stearns, who sent the message, attacked at once. Weaving his way among antiaircraft bursts from all four boats, he planted a 500-pound bomb between *U-264* and the milch cow. Doenitz had ordered every member of his thinning group of 1600-tonners to submerge immediately if attacked; but the commander of *U-460*, instead of so doing, argued with the skipper of *U-264* over who should dive first. As a result, only *U-455* had submerged when Stearns's air reinforcements appeared. A Wildcat and an Avenger buzzed the surface trio like a pair of hornets, silencing the antiaircraft fire of two of the boats after taking numerous hits. The skipper of the 1600-tonner now belatedly tried to submerge, but Stearns dropped a 500-pound bomb just ahead of the swirl, and the big boat disintegrated, spewing forth gruesome human debris.

Captain Isbell at 10:38 launched five Avengers and three Wildcats, which joined those already in action; four of them found *U-264*, which fought back so skillfully as to force an attacking Avenger to drop its bombs prematurely. It looked as if three out of the four had escaped; but later in the same day damaged *U-422* had to broach 5 miles from the scene of battle and was promptly jumped by a waiting fighter-bomber team piloted by Lieutenants (jg) S. B. Holt and S. E. Doty. A 500-pound bomb released by Holt finished this boat — the sixth kill by the *Card* group.

Foul weather now set in. On October 7, *Card* lost an Avenger, snapped off the flight deck in a sudden lurch, with the pilot and a crew member. Captain Isbell turned south in search of better flying conditions, fueled, and moved north at flank speed as wind and sea abated. On Columbus Day, October 12, his airmen flushed the nucleus of another fueling concentration, supply boat *U-488*. Twice attacked, it was damaged and ordered home. On October 13, *U-402*, hopefully nosing along toward its milch cow, was forced to dive by squadron commander Howard M. Avery's Wildcat, and sunk by a 500-pound bomb dropped by an Avenger piloted by Ensign B. C. Sheela.

### *The Borie's last battle*

On the return trip westbound, Captain Isbell's group provided cover for Convoy GUS-18 until it was well clear of the Azores, doubled back around Santa Maria, then turned northwest to break up a submarine fueling concentration some 500 miles north of Flores. The fringe of this concentration had just been cracked, and 1600-ton *U-220* sunk



by the *Block Island* escort carrier group. On the afternoon of October 30, Lieutenant Fryatt, one of *Card's* "hottest" Avenger pilots, flushed a U-boat at lat. 48° 43' N, long. 32° 19' W. In accordance with Grossadmiral Doenitz's latest instructions, canceling his previous "fight back" tactics, the submarine dove before Fryatt could drop a 500-pounder, and escaped. But another fueling pair that Lieutenant (jg) W. S. Fowler spotted next day failed to obey the new doctrine. One of them, *U-91*, got away; but Fowler and Lieutenant (jg) L. S. Balliett (who had been promptly vectored to the scene) each planted a 500-pound bomb which sent *U-584* into a 2000-fathom deep about 656 miles north of Flores.

Captain Isbell had no intention of allowing *U-91*, which he mistakenly assumed to be a milch cow, to escape. It was too late in the day for flight operations, and his carrier needed her three-destroyer screen as protection against submarines known to be nearby; but he decided nevertheless to send destroyer *Borie* to search for *U-91*.

U.S.S. *Borie* was an old flush-decker, commanded by Lieutenant Charles H. Hutchins, whose officers had astounded a naval constructor at New York with their proficiency at throwing knives and dishes about the wardroom. They were just warming up! Although the junior C.O. of the screen, Lieutenant Hutchins had impressed Captain Isbell, who chose him for this mission as the skipper most likely to get results. And he certainly got them, in the shape of an old-fashioned slug-fest recalling the fight of U.S.S. *Constitution* with H.M.S. *Java* in 1812.

*Borie* reached the scene of the recent sinkings after dark on October 31, and before long obtained a radar contact on a surfaced boat. Lieutenant Hutchins made three attacks in heavy seas, saw the submarine go down, heard an underwater explosion, and signaled *Card* "Scratch one pig boat!" That particular enemy, *U-256*, managed to limp back to Brest; but Hutchins continued searching nearby. At 1:45 A.M. on November 1, he made another radar contact at 8000 yards. The target dove when the range closed to 2800 yards, sound contact was made at 2200 yards, and *Borie* attacked when about a quarter of a mile distant. Every depth charge then in her racks was expended because something had gone wrong with the release mechanism; but this proved to be a lucky break. The submarine, 500-ton *U-405*, responded to this shower of deadly confetti by coming to the surface, where her whitish, 220-foot hull, silhouetted by a flickering float light, looked as big as a battleship.

Then followed a gunfire-torpedo duel. Hutchins trained his 24-inch searchlight on the target and opened fire with main battery and machine guns, starting at 1400 yards, and also trying to ram. German sailors swarmed out of the conning tower, some wearing only skivvies, many with long hair

and brightly colored bandannas, which offended our bluejackets' sense of propriety and made them the more eager for a kill. A few submariners reached their guns and slammed shells into *Borie's* forward engine room and bridge, but many were cut down by the destroyer's 20 mm. machine-gun fire; and *U-405's* largest gun was literally blasted over the side by a well-directed 4-inch shell.

After the antagonists had steered parallel courses for several minutes, *Borie* firing continuously, she closed the boat's starboard quarter and turned left to ram. Just before the crash, *U-405* also turned hard left. *Borie* struck it on an angle about 30 feet abaft the stem and rode up and over the forecastle. The two ships remained locked in mortal combat, one under the other, at an angle of 25 to 30 degrees, for ten minutes. Two of *Borie's* main battery guns and three 20 mm. machine guns kept a continuous fire on the sub's conning tower and deck, which were still above water. Negro mess attendants who manned a 20 mm. battery fired through the metal weather screen; bluejackets not otherwise occupied fired tommy guns, pistols, shotguns, rifles, or whatever they could lay hands on, at the Germans. In a fairly heavy sea — waves 20 feet from trough to crest — the two vessels pounded and rolled against each other, adding the noise of grinding steel to the roar of gunfire, the clatter of machine guns, and human shouts and screams.

Lieutenant Hutchins's exec, Lieutenant Philip B. Brown, had told his men exactly what to do if they came to close grips with a submarine, and they did it. Brown himself bounded out of the now useless combat information center to the bridge, whence he sprayed the U-boat's decks with a tommy gun. A sheath knife hurled by Fireman First Class D. F. Southwick buried itself in the belly of a German running to man a gun; another "Kraut" was knocked overboard by an empty 4-inch shell case thrown by Chief Boatswain's Mate Walter C. Kruz.

Although some 30 submariners were killed in this close fighting, as against none of the destroyer's crew, the Germans below decks were far safer than *Borie's* "black gang," which was making a gallant fight to keep up steam. The destroyer's plates, light enough at her birth in 1920, had by now been chipped and rusted almost paper-thin, and the whole port side became crushed and holed as it ground against the U-boat's hard pressure hull. All hands stuck to their stations and, under the lead of Engineer Officer Lieutenant Morrison R. Brown, managed to keep up full power even when salt water was lapping the boilers. Firemen working in water chest-high were pounded by heavy gratings as *Borie* lurched from port to starboard. Brown remained at the throttle with the water level shoulder-high. Motor Machinist's Mate Irving R. Saum dove into the oily water of the after engine room to close a drain fitting, making

it possible to place all suction pumps on that room. Thus *Borie* kept on fighting.

After ten minutes of this melee the submarine managed to back out from under and opened the range to 400 yards, then went into a tight turn. *Borie*, which had a larger turning circle, ran around the submarine, trying to get into a position to ram, and firing furiously. Four-inch hits on the starboard diesel exhaust probably penetrated the after torpedo room of *U-405*, and certainly did it no good. *Borie* fired a torpedo which missed. Lieutenant Hutchins, observing that the submarine's after "stinger" tubes were pointing right at him, doused his searchlight, hoping that the enemy would straighten out and try to escape, which he did. Now, ordering depth charges set shallow, Hutchins bent on 27 knots, turned on the searchlight, and closed to ram. He was on collision course with the U-boat, on his starboard bow, when it swung hard left and endeavored to ram *Borie* on her starboard quarter. Hutchins, with great presence of mind, ordered Hard Left Rudder and, with port engine backing full and starboard engine stopped, slewed his fantail with its depth-charge projectors right across the path of the submarine. Three charges fired a couple of seconds later made a perfect straddle around the conning tower, lifting *U-405* bodily and stopping it dead when its stem was only 6 feet from *Borie's* stern. The submarine backed its engines and attempted to pull out. *Borie* swung rapidly to port and pursued, firing with all her guns and, as the range opened, launching a torpedo which missed. One 4-inch shell blew Korvettenkapitän Hopman and his bridge crew overboard; another shell made a "very, very effective hit" on the U-boat's exhaust tube, and the boat glided to a halt. Submariners were now coming on deck with hands raised and firing white Very flares in lieu of a white flag; but, as some were running toward their guns, *Borie* continued to fire until cries of "*Kamerad!*" were heard. At 2:57 A.M. on November 1, seventy-two minutes after the first contact, *U-405* plunged stem first and exploded under water. A yell of triumph went up from the deck of battered *Borie*.

Hutchins intended to pick up survivors, but the Germans, in life rafts only 60 feet away, set off colored flares which were answered from a distance, obviously by another submarine. *Borie* had to ring up flank speed to dodge a torpedo from the direction of the distant answering flare, and in so doing ran down a number of Germans. She zig-zagged clear of the area on one engine.

So many of *Borie's* thin plates had been stove by the pounding that she was in a dangerous condition. One engine was out, generators died, and the sea was rising. Hutchins fired all torpedoes and most of his ammunition, and jettisoned everything possible, from anchors to guns and torpedo tubes, in order to keep afloat and make the planned rendez-

vous with *Card*. The remaining condenser was not working properly, and both feed and fuel tanks were badly contaminated with salt water. Salt locked the blades on the remaining turbine, and at 9 A.M. *Borie* went dead in the water. When fuel for the radio's auxiliary generator was on the point of exhaustion, it was spliced with lighter fluid, kerosene, and rubbing alcohol, so that a message could be put through to the escort carrier at 11 A.M.: "Commenced sinking."

Captain Isbell, consumed with anxiety over *Borie* — his planes could not find her in the low visibility — got an HF/DF bearing on Hutchins's far-from-cheery message and immediately launched two Avengers. One of these sighted the destroyer at 11:29, only 14 miles from the carrier, dead in the water, wallowing heavily and down by the stern. Next he sent *Goff* with hose and handy-billies to pump fresh water for *Borie's* boilers, but it was now so rough, with swells up to 40 feet, that she could not get alongside. Late in the afternoon the task group commander communicated by TBS with *Goff*, one of whose leather-lunged chief petty officers shouted to *Borie* by megaphone that Lieutenant Hutchins had better consider abandoning ship, since it would be dark in an hour's time and the weather would be worse before it got better. Shortly before sunset on November 1, Hutchins reluctantly gave the word. He knew that *Borie* could not make New York under her own power, and it was not feasible to await a tug in those sub-infested waters. Captain Isbell sent *Barry*, his one remaining escort, to assist in the difficult process, leaving his carrier stripped of her entire screen. The abandonment, which began at 4:44 P.M. on November 1, was seamanlike and orderly, but the waves were running so high that it was almost impossible for boats and rafts to close the rescue ships. Some men were killed by a plunging propeller guard; 3 officers and 24 men left their rafts to swim through very cold water to the rescue ships, and were drowned.

Throughout the first watch and into the mid-watch of November 2, *Goff* and *Barry* searched for survivors in heavy seas and under pouring rain until a total of 7 officers and 120 men were rescued. All through those hours of heroism and misery, *Card* circled nearby at 10 knots — what a target for a roving submarine! And one was after her, too. In pitch darkness, as eight bells marked the beginning of the morning watch, her radar registered a contact at 4000 yards. Isbell closed the two destroyers and signaled: "Submarine on our tail . . . pick it off!" *Barry* and *Goff* tried to make contact; the submarine's distance from *Card* narrowed to 2800 yards before its blip disappeared from radar screens — probably frightened away.

The feeling of relief was only momentary since, according to information received from Cominch and the Admiralty, there were still fifty submarines

(an exaggeration) within 300 miles of *Card*. Captain Isbell decided that, in order to save his carrier, he must abandon further efforts at rescue. He sent *Barry* to torpedo the derelict hulk of *Borie*. Three torpedoes missed, but four depth bombs from an *Avenger* sent the gallant old ship to the bottom at 9:54 on November 2.

This memorable battle took place in one of the loneliest stretches of the Atlantic about halfway between Cape Race, Newfoundland, and Cape Clear, Ireland. And all of it in the dark.

Since *Card* was in no situation to prolong her cruise, Captain Isbell now turned his group toward Hampton Roads. The pilots were exhausted, but with undaunted spirit and splendid stamina they continued daily flight operations, catapulting *Avengers* at 40-second intervals when the carrier was pitching so violently that catapult shots had to await a comparatively smooth spot. The cruise ended at Norfolk on November 9.

### *Christmas at sea*

Following the sinking of *Borie*, Captain Isbell was given a screen of flush-deckers dating from 1919 — destroyers *Leary*, *Schenck*, *Decatur*, and *Babbitt*, but the last-named developed engine trouble and had to return to New York for repairs. The outward passage was uneventful. After two days at Casablanca they departed on December 17, initially in support of Convoy GUS-24. On orders from Washington soon after, the *Card* group was detached to track down a submarine concentration reported to be around lat. 45° N, long. 22° W.

In expectation of foul weather, the crews of *Card* and consorts had eaten Christmas dinner in Casablanca before sailing, and were very glad they had, for winter weather in the Western Ocean does not agree with aged destroyers, escort carriers, or planes. At daybreak on December 23, around lat. 47° N, long. 19° W (about 695 miles west of St. Nazaire), the sea was so rough that planes could not even be taxied to the catapult. One Wildcat which managed to take off at 10:25 A.M. sighted a merchantman steaming north and flying the red ensign. She failed to answer his challenge correctly, and the pilot reported to Captain Isbell that he suspected the ship's colors to be false. Nevertheless the group commander decided not to send destroyers to investigate, since his destroyers were low on fuel, and U-boats were already about. After consulting Gibraltar by radio, Captain Isbell realized that this ship was the German blockade runner *Osorno*. She was bound from Kobe to Bordeaux with a load of rubber. Doenitz had sent Group "Borkum" of thirteen U-boats to patrol lat. 45° 25' N between the 21st and 24th meridians, in order to help her get home safely; and these were the boats that *Card* had been sent north to find. The Luftwaffe, too, was looking for *Osorno*, and one of the German pilots the previous afternoon had sighted *Card*.

The seas were so heavy that just before dusk on December 23, after the one search plane had been safely recovered, a Wildcat on the flight deck, with its pilot, was tossed over the side by a violent lurch, and both were lost. All three destroyers were already more than half water-ballasted, and one (*Decatur*) had to be steered by hand after a heavy sea flooded her steering-engine room. Captain Isbell had already decided to make best speed to the Azores in order to refuel in sheltered waters. But the northwest wind was blowing a full gale, roughing up the sea to such an extent that the carrier, all the previous night, was forced to head between 135 degrees and 110 degrees instead of 197 degrees, the rhumb for Pico Channel; and by the time it was possible to lay the correct course, at 8:50 A.M. on December 23, the U-boat group "Borkum" lay 85 miles dead ahead, barring his route. Washington so informed him; but Captain Isbell decided to go on rather than evade. In consequence of the Luftwaffe's sighting report on the 22nd, Doenitz had diverted Group "Borkum" from shepherding the blockade runner to attacking *Card*, of whose movements he was well apprised through a second aircraft sighting that afternoon. All moved north so as to intercept the carrier group on the night of December 23-24.

At 9:20 P.M. on December 23, *Card* began to fish up enemy transmissions on her HF/DF. A quarter-hour later she began to get surface radar contacts, and at about 10 P.M. *U-305* sighted her and signaled the pack to close. At 10:30 *Card's* radar spotted a target at 13,000 yards; and before long so many were popping up that it was impossible to investigate every one. *Card* had only three escorts, her planes were not equipped for night flying, and Captain Isbell dared not open with gunfire lest the flashes reveal his position. So he ordered *Schenck* to attack and took evasive action, escorted by *Leary* and by *Decatur*, the latter steering by hand.

Events followed in rapid succession. *Card's* "evasive" course took her into the range of *U-415*, which she sighted as "large black object trailing" 3700 yards astern. She was unaware that the "object" had already fired three torpedoes at her. Having heard that *Schenck* was tangling with a U-boat, Captain Isbell detached *Leary* to assist her, and turned *Card* to course 220 degrees, making best speed away in hope of avoiding torpedoes until he had light enough to launch planes. He signaled *Leary* over TBS at 1:11 P.M. on December 24: "Keep subs down during night. Rendezvous at 0600, forty miles SW of *Schenck's* last contact. Good luck." One or more submarines pressed *Card* vigorously and continuously until daylight; at 6:30, when she commenced catapulting planes, one was 7000 yards on her port quarter. But for Isbell's keen tactical sense and a liberal supply of luck, *Card* might have received a "fish" that wild night.



In the meantime, two destroyers were engaged in a grim battle with two members of Group "Borkum." *Schenck* (Lieutenant Commander E. W. Logsdon) scored several hits on a contact that she made before midnight, and then joined *Leary* in a systematic search. At about 1:30 A.M. on December 24 they made three radar contacts 5 to 7 miles north. As *Leary* moved out to run down the more distant, *Schenck* made a fourth contact, lost it at 2500 yards, sighted the U-boat diving, evaded a torpedo, closed to 800 yards, and at 1:45 dropped a nine-charge pattern. This probably damaged *U-645* since that boat surfaced about half an hour later.

*Schenck's* radar picked it up at 4000 yards. Again the boat dove; *Schenck* found it again at 1900 yards by sonar, and dropped a shallow nine-charge pattern at 2:27, when the range had closed to 200 yards. Two minutes later an explosion was heard. German records prove that this marked the end of *U-645*.

*Schenck* could not stay around to gather evidence since *Leary* (Commander James E. Kyes), 5 miles distant, had just reported that she had been torpedoed. After leaving *Schenck* she had experienced a series of minor mishaps which added up to her destruction. At 1:58 A.M., upon making radar contact at 6500 yards, she tried to illuminate the target (*U-275*) by star shell and succeeded only in lighting up herself. As the U-boat submerged to periscope depth, one of the destroyer's guns, by a misunderstanding, went right on firing star shell. The noise created by gunfire blasts and by the Foxer gear prevented sound contacts being regained soon enough to permit swinging ship to start a proper depth-charge attack. At 2:08, when sound contact was finally made at 750 yards, the "squawk box" between sound room and bridge failed to function, and almost two minutes elapsed before Commander Kyes got the word and, too late, ordered Hard Right Rudder.

*U-275*, whose commander, Oberleutnant Bork, had enjoyed a periscope view of *Leary* for almost ten minutes, already had two torpedoes in the water, well aimed under the bright illumination unwittingly provided by his victim. At 2:10, when the last star shell was fading and just as *Leary* commenced her turn, two Zaunkönig torpedoes hit her in quick succession, one in the after engine room and one in the after hold. All power was lost; the ship listed 25 degrees and settled so rapidly by the stern that a forhanded group of seamen barely had time to set the depth charges on safe. The entire after part of the ship became a tangle of jagged and twisted steel, mixed with arms and legs and other human debris. Radio Technician Francis R. Hauer started the auxiliary generator and called *Schenck*, which had neither seen the flash nor heard the explosion.

Three or four minutes after the second torpedo struck, the exec, Lieutenant R. B. Watson, concluded a quick inspection. In the course of this inspection, he found the deck covered with a thick, "goosey" substance, and was astonished to see two seamen seated on a torpedo tube, calmly eating Boston cream pie. The cook had just baked a batch, and the explosion had spattered most of the cream over the deck. Lieutenant Watson reported to the captain that *Leary* was settling fast. Kyes ordered Abandon Ship. Boatswain's Mate Walter Eshelman calmly directed men to jettison all floatable gear, and abandonment was orderly, as if it were a drill. Watson then reported that everyone except himself and the skipper had left, and obtained permission to make one more look-around to see if any wounded man had been forgotten. A moment later another unit of Group "Borkum," *U-382*, moved in close and launched a third torpedo, which at 2:41 exploded with a burst of orange flame in the forward engine space. *Leary* began to go down fast. Commander Kyes, last to go over the side, gave his life jacket to a colored mess attendant in the water who had none, and was never seen again.

This supreme act of devotion was the finest incident in the story of a devoted crew. Over 60 men were killed by the explosions; about 100 abandoned ship, but only 59 survived the four hours of darkness in cold water. The sea was not rough, but a brisk rain squall whipped up whitecaps, and the men had only two life rafts and some cork-buoyed nets to keep them up. Lieutenant Watson ordered them to keep quiet lest they attract attention from the U-boat; and for four hours he personally kept a mess attendant afloat. This lad died of exposure after rescue. "That hurt me more than anything else," said Lieutenant Watson; "he was such a game, plucky little fellow." Water Tender F. M. Norris "instilled hope and confidence in those who were near the point of exhaustion."

The 3 officers and 56 men of *Leary* who were saved owed their lives to the fine seamanship and good judgment of Lieutenant Commander Logsdon, skipper of *Schenck*. While passing the wreck at 15 knots in search of the submarine, he lowered his gig to recover survivors and continued the hunt while his boat crew pulled benumbed sailors from the water. "*Leary* survivors will never forget his courage and skill in maneuvering his ship into position, both to effect transfers from the gig and to rescue scattered groups direct from the water." By ten o'clock on December 24, the last had been taken on board. It was a sad Christmas at sea after the loss of so many shipmates.

Two old "cans," terriers of the fleet, had fought a good fight with their traditional verve, skill, and courage. Even the pilots remarked, "Who said this was an airman's war?"



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## WHY DO WE TEACH POETRY?

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

### I

THERE is something about the art of poetry which induces a defensive posture. Even in the old days when the primacy of poetry was no more challenged than the primacy of Heaven, which is now also challenged, the posture was habitual. If you published your reflections on the art in those days you called them a *Defense*. Today, when the queen of sciences is Science, you do not perhaps employ that term but you mean it. It is not that the gentlemen at the long table in the Faculty Club whose brains have been officially cleared to serve as depositories of scientific secrets of the eighth and thirteenth classes are patronizing in their manner. They are still gentlemen and therefore still modest no matter how great their distinction or how greatly certified. But one knows one's place. One knows that whereas the teachers of science meet to hear of new triumphs which the newspapers will proudly report, the teachers of poetry meet to ask old questions — which no one will report: such questions as, why teach poetry anyway in a time like this?

It is a relief in this general atmosphere to come upon someone who feels no defensiveness whatever: who is perfectly certain that poetry ought to be taught now as at any other time and who is perfectly certain also that he knows why. The paragon I have in mind is a young friend of mine, a devoted teacher, who was recently made headmaster of one of the leading American preparatory schools, and who has been taking stock, for some time past, of his curriculum and his faculty. Poetry, as he sees it, ought to be taught “as a most essential form of human expression as well as a carrier throughout the ages of some of the most important values in our heritage.” What troubles him is that few teachers, at least in the schools he knows, seem to share his conviction. He is not too sure that teachers

themselves have “an abiding and missionary faith in poetry” which would lead them to see it as a great clarifier — a “human language” capable of competing with the languages of mathematics and science.

But though teachers lack the necessary faith, the fault, as my young friend sees it, is not wholly theirs. The fault is the fault of modern criticism, which has turned poetry into something he calls “poetry itself” — meaning, I suppose, poetry for poetry's sake. “Poetry itself” turns out to be poetry with its meanings distilled away, and poetry with its meanings distilled away is difficult if not impossible to teach in a secondary school — at least *his* secondary school. The result is that secondary school teachers have gone back, as to the lesser of two evils, to those historical and anecdotal practices sanctified by American graduate schools in generations past. They teach “poets and not poetry.” With the result that “students become acquainted with poets from Homer to MacLeish” (quite a distance no matter how you measure it!) “but the experience doesn't necessarily leave them with increased confidence in what poetry has to offer.” I can well believe it.

The reason why modern criticism has this disastrous effect, the reason why it produces “an almost morbid apathy toward ‘content’ or ‘statement of idea,’” is its excessive “preoccupation with aesthetic values.” Modern criticism insists that poems are primarily works of art; and when you insist that poems are primarily works of art you cannot, in my friend's view, teach them as carriers “throughout the ages of some of the most important values in our heritage.” What is important about Homer and Shakespeare and the authors of the Bible is that they were “realists with great vision . . . whose work contains immensely valuable constructions of

the meaning of life"; and if you talk too much about them as artists, those constructions of the meaning of life get lost.

Now this, you will observe, is not merely another wallop of the old horse who was once called the New Criticism. It goes a great deal farther. It is a frontal attack upon a general position maintained by many who never accepted the New Criticism or even heard of it. It is an attack upon those who believe — as most poets, I think, have believed — that a poem *is* primarily a work of art and must be read as a work of art if it is to be read at all. It is a high-minded and disinterested attack delivered for the noblest of purposes, but an attack notwithstanding — and an effective one. What it contends is that an approach to poetry which insists that a poem is a work of art blocks off what the poem has to say, whereas what the poem has to say is the principal reason for teaching it. What the argument comes down to, in other words, is the proposition that it is a mistake, in teaching poetry, to insist that poetry is art, because, if you do so insist, you will not be able to bring your students to the meaning of the poem, the idea of the poem, what the poem has to tell them about man and world and life and death — and it is for these things the teaching of the poem is important.

Now, I can understand this argument and can respect the reasons for making it. Far too many of those who define poetry in exclusively artistic terms use their definition as a limiting and protective statement which relieves them of all obligation to drive the poem's meanings beyond the meanings of the poem: beyond the mere translation of the symbols and metaphors and the classical or other references — the whole apparatus of *explication du texte*. Far too many, indeed, of those who have to do with literature generally in our time, and particularly with modern literature, consider that meanings in any but a literary (which includes a Freudian) sense are not only outside, but beneath, their proper concern — that the intrusion of questions of morality and religion into the world of art is a kind of trespass and that works of literary art not only should but *can* be studied in a moral vacuum. Literature in the hands of such teachers is well on the way to becoming again that "terrible queen" which the men of the nineties raised above life and which Yeats, when he outgrew the men of the nineties, rejected.

But although I can understand this argument, and although I can respect its reasons, and although I believe it raises a true issue and an important issue, I cannot accept it; for it rests, or seems to me to rest, on two quite dubious assumptions. The first is the assumption, familiar in one form or another to all of us, that the "idea" of a work of art is somehow separable from the work of art itself. The most recent — and most egregious — expression of this persistent notion comes from a distinguished Dean of Humanities in a great institution

of learning who is reported by the New York *Times* to have argued in a scholarly gathering that "the idea which the reader derives from Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and The Sea* comes after the reader has absorbed some 60,000 words. This takes at least an hour. . . . A similar understanding could come after a few minutes study of a painting by a skillful artist." Precisely, one imagines, as the Doré illustrations gave one the "idea" of the *Inferno* in a few easy looks!

## 2

IT is the second assumption, however, which divides me most emphatically from my young friend. For the second assumption seems to be that *unless* idea and work of art are distinguished from each other in the teaching of a poem, the idea — and so the effectiveness of the teaching — will be lost. At this point my friend and I part company. I am ready, and more than ready, to agree that it is for the meanings of life that one reads (and teaches) poetry. But I am unable to see how there can be a distinction between a poem as a conveyer of such meanings and a poem as a work of art. In brief, the distinction between art and knowledge which is made throughout my friend's argument seems to me wholly without foundation. That it is a distinction almost universally recognized in our epoch I know well enough. Science makes it. Poetry makes it. And the world agrees with both. "Whatever can be *known*," says Bertrand Russell, "can be known by means of science." Poetry, say its professors, has no "messages" to deliver. And no one dissents from either. The exclusive proprietary right of science to know and to communicate knowledge is not only commonly recognized in our civilization: in a very real sense it is our civilization. For the characteristic of our civilization — that which distinguishes it from the civilizations which have preceded it — is the characteristic which knowledge-by-science has conferred upon it: its abstractness.

But though the agreement is general, the proposition is not one I can accept. I argue that the apologists for science are not justified in claiming, nor the apologists for poetry in admitting, the sole right of science to know. I insist that poetry is also capable of knowledge; that poetry, indeed, is capable of a kind of knowledge of which science is not capable; that it is capable of that knowledge *as poetry*; and that the teaching of poetry as poetry, the teaching of poem as work of art, is not only not incompatible with the teaching of poetry as knowledge but is, indeed, the only possible way of teaching poetry as knowledge.

To most of us, brought up as we have been in the world of abstractions which science has prepared for us, and in the kind of school which that world produces — schools in which almost all teaching is



teaching of abstractions — the notion of poetry as knowledge, the notion of art as knowledge, is a fanciful notion. Knowledge by abstraction we understand. Science can abstract ideas about apple from apple. It can organize those ideas into knowledge about apple. It can then, by some means, introduce that knowledge into our heads — possibly because our heads are abstractions also. But poetry, we know, does not abstract. Poetry presents. Poetry presents the thing as the thing. And that it should be possible to *know* the thing *as the thing it is* — to *know* apple *as* apple — this we do not understand; this, the true child of the time will assure you, cannot be done. To the true child of abstraction you can't know apple as apple. You can't know tree as tree. You can't know man as man. All you can *know* is a world dissolved by analyzing intellect into abstraction — not a world composed by imaginative intellect into itself. And the result, for the generations of abstraction, is that neither poetry nor art can be a means to knowledge. To inspiration, yes: poetry can undoubtedly lead to that — whatever it is. To revelation, perhaps: there may certainly be moments of revelation in poetry. But to knowledge, no. The only connection between poetry and knowledge we can see is the burden of used abstractions — adages and old saws — which poetry, some poetry, seems to like to carry — adages most of which we knew before and some of which aren't even true.

But if all this is so, what then is the “experience of art” — the “experience of poetry” — which all of us who think about these things at all have known? What is the experience of *realization* which comes over us with those apples on a dish of Cézanne's or those three pine trees? What is the experience of realization which comes over us with Debussy's *Nuages*? What is the experience of realization which comes over us when Coleridge's robin sits and sings

Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch  
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch  
Smokes in the sun thaw; . . .

or when his eave-drops fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,  
Or if the secret ministry of frost  
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

And if all this is so, why does one of the most effective of modern definitions of poetry (Arnold's in his letter to Maurice de Guérin) assign to that art the peculiar “power of so dealing with *things* as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense of them and of our relation with them”?

The answer is, of course, that the children of abstraction are wrong — and are impoverished by their error, as our entire time is impoverished by it. They are wrong on both heads. They are wrong

when they think they *can* know the world through its abstractions: nothing can be known through an abstraction but the abstraction itself. They are wrong also when they think they *cannot* know the world as the world: the whole achievement of art is a demonstration to the contrary. And the reason they are wrong on both heads is the reason given, quite unintentionally, by Matthew Arnold. They are wrong because they do not realize that all true knowledge is a matter of relation: that we *really* know a thing only when we are filled with “a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense of it” and, above all, of “our relation with” it. This sense — this *knowledge* in the truest meaning of the word knowledge — art can give but abstraction cannot.

There are as many proofs as there are successful works of art. Take, for obvious example, that unseen mysterious phenomenon, the wind. Take any attempt, by the familiar processes of abstraction, to “know” the wind. Put beside it those two familiar lines of George Meredith: —

Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like  
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-back'd wave!

What will be the essential difference between the two? Will it not be that the first, the analytical, statement is or attempts to be a wholly objective statement made without reference to an observer (true everywhere and always), whereas an observer — *one's self* as observer! — is involved in the second? And will not the consequential difference be that a relation involving one's self is created by the second but not by the first? And will not the end difference be that the second, but not the first, will enable us to know the thing itself — to know what the thing is *like*?

It would be quite possible, I suppose, to semantize this difference between knowledge by poetry and knowledge by abstraction out of existence by demonstrating that the word, know, is being used in two different senses in the two instances, but the triumph would be merely verbal, for the difference is real. It is indeed the realest of all differences, for what it touches is the means by which we come at reality. How are we to find the knowledge of reality in the world without, or in the shifting, flowing, fluid world within? Is all this a task for the techniques of abstraction — for science as it may be or as it is? Is it through abstraction alone that we are to find what is real in our experience of our lives — and so, conceivably, what is real in ourselves? Or do we need another and a different way of knowing — a way of knowing which will make that world out there, this world in here, available to us, not by translating them into something else — into abstractions of quantity and measure — but by bringing us ourselves to confront them as they are — man and tree face to face in the shock of recognition, man and love face to face?

The question, I beg you to see, is not what we

*ought* to do. There is no *ought*. A man can “live” on abstractions all his life if he has the stomach for them, and many of us have — not the scientists only, but great numbers of the rest of us in this contemporary world, men whose days are a web of statistics, and names, and business deals, held together by the parentheses of a pair of commuting trains with three Martinis at the close. The question is not what we *ought* to do. The question is what we have the choice of doing — what alternatives are open to us. And it is here and in these terms that the issue presents itself to the teacher of poetry.

## 3

COLLEGES and universities do not exist to impose duties but to reveal choices. In a civilization like ours in which one choice has all but overwhelmed the other, a civilization dominated by abstraction, in which men are less and less able to deal with their experience of the world or of themselves unless experience and self have first been translated into abstract terms — a civilization like a foreign language — in such a civilization the need for an understanding of the alternative is urgent. What must be put before the generation of the young is the possibility of a knowledge of experience *as* experience, of self *as* self; and that possibility only the work of art, only the poem, can reveal. That it is so rarely, or so timidly, presented in our schools is one of the greatest failures of our educational system. Young men and young women graduate from American schools and colleges by the hundreds of thousands every year to whom science is the only road to knowledge, and to whom poetry is little more than a subdivision of something called “literature” — a kind of writing printed in columns instead of straight across the page and primarily intended to be deciphered by girls, who don’t read it either.

This sort of thing has consequences. Abstractions are wonderfully clever tools for taking things apart and for arranging things in patterns but they are very little use in putting things together and no use at all when it comes to determining what things are *for*. Furthermore abstractions have a limiting, a dehumanizing, a dehydrating effect on the relation to things of the man who must live with them. The result is that we are more and more left, in our scientific society, without the means of knowledge of ourselves as we truly are or of our experience as it actually is. We have the tools, all the tools — we are suffocating in tools — but we cannot find the actual wood to work or even the actual hand to work it. We begin with one abstraction (something we think of as ourselves) and a mess of other abstractions (standing for the world) and we arrange and rearrange the counters, but who we are and what we are doing we simply do not know — above all what we are doing. With the inevitable conse-

quence that we do not know either what our purpose is or our end. So that when the latest discoveries of the cyclotron are reported we hail them with the cry that we will now be able to control nature better than ever before — but we never go on to say for what purpose, to what end, we will control her. To destroy a city? To remake a world?

It was something of this kind, I imagine, that Adlai Stevenson had in mind when he startled a Smith Commencement last spring by warning his newly graduated audience of prospective wives that the “typical Western man — or typical Western husband — operates well in the realm of means, as the Roman did before him. But outside his specialty, in the realm of ends he is apt to operate poorly or not at all. . . . The neglect of the cultivation of more mature values,” Mr. Stevenson went on, “can only mean that his life, and the life of the society he determines, will lack valid purpose, however busy and even profitable it may be.”

As he has so often done before, Mr. Stevenson there found words for an uneasiness which has been endemic but inarticulate in the American mind for many years — the sense that we are getting nowhere far too fast and that, if something doesn’t happen soon, we may arrive. But when he came to spell out the causes for “the neglect of the cultivation of more mature values” Mr. Stevenson failed, or so it seems to me, to identify the actual villain. The contemporary environment in America, he told his young listeners, is “an environment in which ‘facts,’ the data of the senses, are glorified and value judgments are assigned inferior status as ‘mere matters of opinion.’ It is an environment in which art is often regarded as an adornment of civilization rather than a vital element of it, while philosophy is not only neglected but deemed faintly disreputable because ‘it never gets you anywhere.’” It is true that philosophy is neglected, and even truer that art is regarded in this country generally as it seems to be regarded by the automobile manufacturers of Detroit: as so much enamel paint and chromium to be applied for allegedly decorative purposes to the outside of a car which would run better without it. But the explanation is not, I think, that we set facts — even facts in quotation marks — above values, or that we glorify the data of the senses, unless one means by that latter phrase not what the senses tell us of the world we live in but what the statistics that can be compiled out of the data of the senses would tell us if we were ever in touch with our senses.

In few civilizations have the senses been less alive than they are with us. Look at the cities we build and occupy — but look at them! — the houses we live in, the way we hold ourselves and move; listen to the speaking voices of the greater part of our women. And in no civilization, at least in recorded time, have human beings been farther from the *facts* if we mean by that word, facets of reality. Our in-

difference to ends is the result of our obsession with abstractions rather than facts: with the ideas of things rather than with things. For there can be no concern for ends without a hunger for reality. And there can be no hunger for reality without a sense of the real. And there can be no sense of the real in the world which abstraction creates, for abstraction is incapable of the real: it can neither lay hold of the real itself nor show us where to find it. It cannot, that is to say, create the *relation* between reality and ourselves which makes *knowledge* of reality possible, for neither reality nor ourselves exist in abstraction. Everything in the world of abstraction is object. And, as George Buttrick pointedly says, *we* are not objects: we are subjects.

## 4

BUT all this is a negative way of saying what a defender of poetry should not be afraid of saying positively. Let me say it. We have lost our concern with ends because we have lost our touch with reality and we have lost our touch with reality because we are estranged from the means to reality which is the poem — the work of art. To most members of our generation this would seem an extravagant statement but it is not extravagant in fact and would not have seemed so in another time. In ancient China the place of poetry in men's lives was assumed as matter of course; indeed, the polity was based on it. The three hundred and five odes or songs which make up the Song-word Scripture survived to the fourth century B.C., when Confucius is said to have collected them because they were part of the government records preserved in the Imperial Archive. For thousands of years the examinations for the Chinese civil service were examinations in poetry, and there is no record that the results were more disappointing to the throne than examinations of a different character might have been. Certainly there is no record that a Chinese civil servant ever attempted to deny an honor student in a military academy his commission in the imperial army *or* navy because he was friendly with his own mother! Idiocies which the study of science and of other abstractions in contemporary institutions of naval education in the United States seem to nourish were apparently cauterized from the mind by the reading of poems.

It was not for nothing that Confucius told his disciples that the three hundred and five songs of the Song-word Scripture could be boiled down to the commandment: "Have no twisty thoughts." You cannot have twisty thoughts if you are real and if you are thinking about real things. But if a mother is merely a biological event to you and if you yourself are merely a military event called an admiral, anything may happen: you may make your country ridiculous, humiliate a promising boy, and deprive the navy of a good officer, all in the twisted

belief that you are being a wise man and a patriot.

One can see, not only in the three hundred and five songs, but in Chinese poetry of other periods, what Confucius meant. Consider two Chinese poems of the second century B.C. and the sixth of our era, both written by Emperors. The first is a poem of grief — of the sense of loss of someone loved: a poem therefore of that inward world of feeling, of emotion, which seems to us most nearly ourselves and which, because it is always in flux, always shifting and changing and flowing away, is, of all parts of our experience of our lives, most difficult to know. We cannot know it through science. We cannot know it by knowing things *about* it — even the shrewdest and most intelligent things, helpful though they may be to us in other ways. We cannot know it either by merely feeling it — by uttering its passing urgencies, crying out "I love" meaning "I think of myself as loving" or sobbing "I grieve" meaning "I think of myself as grieving." How then can we know it?

The Emperor Wu-ti wrote (this is Arthur Waley's beautiful translation): —

The sound of her silk skirt has stopped.  
On the marble pavement dust grows.  
Her empty room is cold and still.  
Fallen leaves are piled against the doors.

Longing for that lovely lady  
How can I bring my aching heart to rest?

Four images, one of sound, two of sight, one of feeling, each like a note plucked on a stringed instrument. Then a question like the chord the four would make together. And all at once we *know*. We know this grief which no word could have described, which any abstraction the mind is capable of would have destroyed. But we know more than this grief: we know our own — or will when it shall visit us — and so know something of ourselves.

The second is a poem of that emotion, that feeling, which is even more difficult to know than grief itself. The second is a poem of delight: youth and delight — the morning of the world — the emotion, of all emotions, most difficult to stop, to hold, to see. "Joy whose hand is ever at his lips bidding adieu." How would you *know* delight in yourself and therefore yourself delighting? Will the psychiatrists tell you? Is there a definition somewhere in the folios of abstraction by which we attempt to live which will capture it for you? The Emperor Ch'ien Wen-ti (again Waley's translation) knew that there is only one mirror which will hold that vanishing smile: the mirror of art, the mirror of the poem: —

A beautiful place is the town of Lo-yang:  
The big streets are full of spring light  
The lads go driving out with harps in their hands:  
The mulberry girls go out to the fields with their  
baskets.



Golden whips glint at the horses' flanks,  
 Gauze sleeves brush the green boughs.  
 Racing dawn the carriages come home —  
 And the girls with their high baskets full of fruit.

In this world within, you see, this world which is ourselves, there is no possibility of knowing by abstracting the meaning out — or what we hope will be the meaning. There we must know things *as* themselves and it must be *we* who know them. Only art, only poetry, can bring about that confrontation, because only art, only poetry, can show us what we are and ourselves confronting it. To be ignorant of poetry is to be ignorant therefore of the one means of reaching the world of our experience of the world. And to be ignorant of *that* world is to be ignorant of who and what we are. And to be ignorant of who and what we are is to be incapable of reality no matter what tools we have, or what intelligence, or what skills. It is this incapacity, this impotence, which is the tragedy of the time we live in. We are spiritually impotent because we have cut ourselves off from the poem. And the

crowning irony is that it is only in the poem that we can know how impotent we have become.

Why do we teach poetry in this scientific age? To present the great alternative not to science but to that knowledge by abstraction which science has imposed. And what is this great alternative? Not the "messages" of poems, their interpreted "meanings," for these are abstractions also — abstractions far inferior to those of science. Not the explications of poetic texts, for the explication of a poetic text which goes no farther ends only in abstraction.

No, the great alternative is the poem as itself, the poem as a poem, the poem as a work of art — which is to say, the poem in the context in which alone the work of art exists: the context of the world, of the man and of the thing, of the infinite relationship which is our lives. To present the great alternative is to present the poem not as a message in a bottle, and not as an object in an uninhabited landscape, but as an action in the world, an action in which we ourselves are actors and our lives are known.



## AFTER FOUR YEARS

by MAY SARTON

How to lay down her death,  
 Bring her back living  
 Into the open heart, the over-grieving,  
 Bury once and for all the starving breath  
 And lay down her death?

Not on love's breast  
 Lay down this heavy prize  
 And close at last the open, the gray eyes  
 Of her who in my woe can find no rest —  
 Not on love's breast.

And not in solitude  
 Lay the long burden down,  
 For she is there awake when I'm alone,  
 Who cannot sleep yet sorely, sorely would —  
 Oh, not in solitude!

Now everywhere I'm blind;  
 On the far journeys  
 Toward the magical old trees and cities  
 It's the same rooted sorrow that I find,  
 And everywhere I'm blind.

Is there a human prayer  
 That might unknot prolonged  
 Unnatural grief, grief that has surely wronged  
 Her very radiant presence in the air,  
 Is there a human prayer?

It is poor love, I know,  
 Mother and marvelous friend,  
 Over that final poverty to bend  
 And not remember all the rich life too:  
 It is poor love, I know.

"Rich love, come in,  
 Come home, my treasure.  
 All that you were and that no word can measure  
 Melt itself through me like a healing balm,  
 Rich love, come home."

And here lay down at last  
 Her long hard death,  
 And let her be in joy, be ash, not breath,  
 And let her gently go into the past,  
 Dear world, to rest at last.

# Floundering

RUTH MULVEY HARMER worked as a reporter for the *Hartford Courant* for two years before going on to the *Washington Times-Herald*, for which she covered the District government. In 1947, while on a two weeks vacation in Mexico, she started an English language newspaper and ended by staying there for four years, editing a magazine, writing articles for various American and Canadian publications, and doing a book on Mexican food. After marrying the editor of the rival newspaper, she went with him to California, where she has continued her writing and has been teaching at the University of Southern California and U.C.L.A.

## UPROOTING THE INDIANS

by RUTH MULVEY HARMER

### I

Two months ago Little Light, her husband Leonard Bear, and their five children were persons of standing in a Creek Indian community in Oklahoma. They had only eighty acres of poor land and a modest cabin, but except for the hungry seasons they understood their way of life; they were at peace.

Today they are slum dwellers in Los Angeles, without land or home or culture or peace. Leonard Bear and his family have become part of that vast army of displaced persons which has been created by the government's policy of accelerating the "integration" of the Indian. Uprooted from their native soil, many without even the weapon of comprehensible language with which to defend themselves, the 400,000 indigenous Americans still living in reservations and small communities are being turned loose upon the asphalt jungles of metropolitan centers in one of the most extraordinary forced migrations in history.

The Relocation Program being carried out by the Bureau of Indian Affairs was established in 1951 to help the Indians become part of the national economy and part of the national life. However, it did not really become important until August 15, 1953, when President Eisenhower signed Public Law 280. That law, which he branded as "most un-Christian," authorizes any state to substitute its own law for federal Indian law and its own codes for Indian tribal codes. It was enthusiastically hailed in the Western states by persons who had long been seeking legal sanction to move in on Indian lands, superficially poor but rich in sub-surface oil and minerals. Further strength was given to the program to dislodge the Indians under the terms of the Watkins Bill (Senate 2670), providing that the 177 pure-blood Paiutes who own 45,000 acres of potentially valuable land in Nevada should no longer receive federal aid protection. Another precedent to weaken the Indians' hold on their

whittled-down grants was set by Senate Bill 2745, which forcibly removed from trusteeship status all individually owned Klamath lands in Oregon and which authorized any enrolled Klamath to force the tribe to sell its corporate holdings in order to buy him out.

Other bills now pending promise to end all federal services to Indians, to liquidate all tribal organizations, and to dispose of their holdings.

However, the Bureau of Indian Affairs is accomplishing that end so rapidly through the Relocation Program that additional laws may be simply *ex post facto* legislative items. A remarkably effective sales campaign is prompting thousands of Indians to abandon their lands and interests for the "promised lands" of the relocation centers.

In defense of the program, an officer of the Bureau of Indian Affairs points out that some of the new immigrants to the urban centers have become model citizens and are "enjoying the fruits of Twentieth Century civilization . . . up to and including television sets." That is true. But the Bureau is curiously vague about the number of maladjustments and even the number of returnees, which well-informed welfare and social workers in several of the centers set at 60 per cent.

For every success story, there are a hundred failures. For every former trapper-farmer now adjusted to assembly-line work and city life, there are ninety-nine adrift in a new and hostile environment. Against the optimistic pronouncement of government agents that "with a little proper guidance, Indians have no trouble making the major adjustment from reservation to city life" is the bitter cry of Little Light: "So this is the land of sunshine they promised us!"

A damning summary of the program was spoken by a woman in the chairless kitchen-dining-living room of a small shanty on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Five children, black eyes round with

wonder in their apricot faces, sheltered against her skirt. The walls were unpainted, the floor a patchwork of linoleum. Through an archway, another room was visible where three beds crowded together. A two-burner gas stove stood on a box, and on the only other piece of furniture in the room — a battered table — rested the remains of dinner: some white, grease-soaked bags which had contained hamburgers and fried potatoes prepared by the restaurant a few blocks away.

She answered our questions in an Indian dialect which the woman beside me interpreted. "No, my husband is not here. He went out with some other men. He does every night. They are drinking.

"Yes, he is working. He makes lots of money. One dollar and sixty cents an hour in the airplane factory.

"Yes, the children are in school. All but Zena." She indicated one of the girls, about ten years old. "Zena is sick. I don't know what sickness. There is no doctor.

"Yes, the food came from that place. I don't go to the store often. Everybody laughs at me.

"Yes, I want to go back. There is not money. We pay seventy-five dollars a month for this house. We pay for food. We pay for lights. We don't have the money to go back."

Then the patient planes of her face became distorted. "They did not tell us it would be like this."

What had "they" told Little Light and her husband?

A good indication may be found in an article entitled "Relocation News" written by George Shubert for the *Fort Berthold Agency and News Bulletin* of Newtown, North Dakota, for May 12, 1955. Following a glowing account of jobs for young men and women with a large company in Chicago — "skilled, life time jobs . . . with paid vacation, sick benefits, paid pension plan, union membership, protection, etc." — the Indian Affairs officer wrote: —

This office is presently equipped to offer financial assistance to a large number of qualified persons who have an earnest desire to improve their standard of living, by accepting permanent employment and relocation to one of four large urban areas in the United States; namely Chicago, Illinois, Denver, Colorado, Oakland, California (including the entire Bay Area) and Los Angeles, California.

Our offices in those areas are presently able to place on jobs and render any assistances necessary to practically an unlimited number of families. They also state that there is a good selection of employment opportunities and housing facilities available at the present time.

The rapidly rising waters in the bottom lands of the reservation should remind us of the fact that the Fort Berthold people have lost forever over one-half of the natural resources and practically all of their Class 1 and 2 agricultural lands, comprising one-quarter of the area of the entire reservation and

one-half of the agricultural resources, thereby rendering the remaining portions of the reservation inadequate to provide subsistence for the remaining members of the tribes, at a standard comparable to the people adjacent to the reservation.

We feel that a workable solution to the above problem would be to avail yourselves of the opportunities offered by the Relocation Branch of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It must be at least worthy of serious consideration for persons who have ambitions to advance economically and socially and to provide better opportunity for their children.

Undeniably, the *pitch* is effective. The prospect is given a choice between the nothing of life in Fort Berthold and the glittering something of security and prosperity elsewhere; aid and friendship will be given to those who make the "right" choice. And even if the prospect is reluctant to send in the box-top for himself, he should think of his children.

For those who cannot be reached by words, there is the poster recently concocted in the Los Angeles Relocation Center picturing a number of pleasant, comfortable houses owned by Indians who are shown demonstrating the wonders of garbage disposals in the assorted kitchens and of television sets in the assorted living rooms.

The salesmanship rates an A plus, but what about the product?

## 2

FIRST of all, the government's financial assistance in connection with relocation is limited specifically to one-way travel costs and a weekly allowance until the first pay check comes in. Those monetary aids are made *only* to persons without any funds; partial grants are given to those who have some reserves. But that even the maximum grant is sufficient is highly debatable: transportation costs and a living allowance for a few weeks might be all that a bright young man moving from San Francisco to New York would need to tide him over the transitional period; it is not enough to cover the period of adjustment needed by a family moving from a pre-Columbian culture into the mechanized twentieth century.

"Accepting permanent employment" is another rather meaningless phrase since absolute job security is almost nonexistent. Moreover, many of the Indians find it impossible to work in foundries or at assembly-line jobs after a history of outdoor experience. The Bureau of Indian Affairs accepts no responsibility for those who wish to transfer from the jobs they took blind when they first arrived.

That the Relocation Offices in the four areas are presently able to "render any assistances necessary to practically an unlimited number of families" is an absurdity. In Los Angeles, where between 150 and 200 new arrivals are pouring in each month under government sponsorship (another 100 are coming on their own), the Relocation Office has a



staff of fourteen persons, including clerks, receptionist, secretaries, and others who play no active role in the "integration." Those who do, necessarily confine themselves to receiving the Indians who show up at the office, making job contacts for them, giving them a living allowance and the address of a vacant dwelling.

This sketchy reception is obviously a prologue to disaster for persons whose acquaintance with the American language is painfully new if it exists at all, who are not accustomed to handling money — most of them have lived in an agricultural environment where barter is the approved method of exchange — who are generally more ignorant of urban ways than a six-year-old child reared in a city, and who become unutterably lonely removed from the security of tribal identity.

Their first glimpse of city life is rarely happy. In Los Angeles, where there has been an acute housing shortage since the beginning of World War II, the Indians have been hard pressed to find decent accommodations. Many of them are sent to antiquated rooming houses and apartments in the Bunker Hill area, which is now being razed with federal and municipal funds. Others are sent to trailer courts and dreary buildings in the southern part of the city near the aircraft plants.

For many, a few days is enough; others leave in a few weeks; some stay, and for most the going is rough. A number of the men — particularly the GIs and those who have taken the five-year training course at Sherman Institute or other government schools — fare rather well. They know English, they have learned a trade, they have had an extended relationship with white men and white men's ways. But most are hopeless and dangerous misfits.

The Indians in Los Angeles — and there are now 10,000 of them, representing 86 tribes — have had a relatively good police record: a one per cent arrest, mostly on charges of drunken driving and "plain drunk." That figure soared in 1955. During the Memorial Day lost weekend, an estimated one out of every four of the men haled into court was an Indian. Not long ago, for the first time in the history of Los Angeles an Indian was picked up by the police for child beating — a crime unheard of among them. Recently, and for the first time, a number have been arrested for sex offenses. Women and children have been getting into trouble, too.

### 3

WHEN a 21-year-old Sioux was brought before a municipal court judge to defend himself on a charge of drunken driving, he apologized: "If I go into a bar and have a couple of drinks, everyone is nice to me. Friendly. I feel good then."

At that point, a small, slim Indian woman rose to intercede. "This boy is not delinquent," she told the judge. "We are."

By "we," Stevie Whiteflower Standingbear meant the Los Angeles Indian Center which she heads and which is doing heroic work to make relocation easier for its victims. The Center began in 1935 when Myra Bartlett, an Indian and a singer on the Orpheum Circuit, decided to establish a meeting place for the Indian women working as housemaids whom she encountered each Thursday afternoon gathered at the streetcar terminal for a "weekly visit." It was a refugee center during the depression and was reorganized under the American Friends Service Committee in 1948 and supported by that group until last October. Now on its own, with a \$20,000 yearly budget and a staff of two persons — Mrs. Standingbear and Mary Buck — the Center has become an island of security for the Indians in Los Angeles.

One of its main functions is to make available to newly arrived and needy Indians the help of those established in the city. More than 200 volunteers render all kinds of services from baby-sitting and practical nursing to loaning or giving money, finding decent living quarters, obtaining medical treatment, and just visiting.

Aside from this emergency work, the Center provides a familiar environment for the 10,000 Indians in Los Angeles. Its dances, dinners, classes, clubs, and activities for all age groups have an average weekly attendance of more than 600. The Center's chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous has rescued scores of men and women. Although the Center itself has little money, it is often able to scrape up a bit to tide destitute persons over a period of immediate want. This is particularly valuable since municipal and state services are not available to persons who have not fulfilled residence requirements. "We can get medical care for some people by taking them — including pregnant women — through the emergency entrance," Stevie Standingbear reports. But those who are not specifically emergency cases must either find a creditor or wait until their sickness becomes acute. A small number obtain some help from one of the professional men and women who aid the Center "as a charity." The courts parole to the Center some of the newer arrivals who have been picked up for drunkenness. "If we can only get to them during the first few weeks they are here, we can save a lot of suffering," Mrs. Standingbear feels.

Occasionally the Center makes demands on some of the municipal agencies; several months ago a committee headed by Mrs. Regina Johnson persuaded the Health Department to close and condemn a group of dwellings to which Indian arrivals were being referred by the Relocation Center. She had found the place while calling on a list of recent arrivals to invite them to a party at the Indian Center.

"You don't need to see them. They don't need to go to no parties." The landlady had tried to

block her way. "They have all the parties they want right here."

In a sense, she was right. Mrs. Johnson found the shanties where they were staying crammed with mops and floor wax thanks to the "Stanley Parties" given by neighboring women to which the Indians had been threateningly invited and instructed to "buy or else." But the parties were the least of the troubles of the twenty families unfortunate enough to land at the government-approved address. The original building was in fair shape, but not the twenty flimsy "coops" built around it by the enterprising owner. Rent for the two-room shacks ranged between sixty and eighty dollars a month. Conveniences were minimal. The outdoor toilets were not functioning and the occupants of the twenty "apartments" had to depend upon the hospitality of one woman in the main building who had plumbing in working order and who was willing to permit them to use it. Bad cases of impetigo bred by filth afflicted most of the children, and young and old were generally suffering colds and bronchial disorders.

Why didn't they move? According to one young woman, the landlady announced that "anyone who made any trouble would be handed over to the police."

"It was one of the worst things I have ever seen," Mrs. Johnson says. She and her husband (a white man), parents of a young soldier son, have been working full time for years to help Indians adjust to Los Angeles. So have a number of other immigrants, like Myron Denetdale, who has been with North American Aviation for ten years, and his wife Virginia; Pakali and Alex Reifel, a Sioux couple who spend their evenings and weekends visiting the jails trying to aid men and women there; Frank Peshlakai, a Navajo who has been working in a Los Angeles plant for sixteen years and who now has his own business.

The dedication of the staff and the volunteers has enabled the Center to perform almost incredible tasks. To a large degree, it has permitted the successful integration of hundreds of Indians, and it has minimized the problem of relocation in Los Angeles. Many cities have fared worse. In Minneapolis, Indians, who comprise less than one per cent of the city's general population, make up more than 10 per cent of the inmates at the men's workhouse and almost 70 per cent at the women's workhouse. Judge Luther Sletten of that city's municipal court calls it "one of our gravest social problems."

Obviously, something must be done with Indian lands inadequate to support the present and fast-growing population. One solution would be a kind of domestic Point Four program which would enable the Indians to make the most of the rich potential of reservation lands. Instead of being hindered, they should be encouraged to start businesses on reservations and in their communities. Young men

with trade and technical training have had to leave home in order to utilize their newly acquired skills. One of the recent applicants for help in finding a job at the Los Angeles Indian Center was a former GI who had attended a barbers' school after his discharge. He returned to his reservation with an enthusiastic plan to open a barbershop, but government agents said no. Schools and extension classes should be instituted to help the Indians exploit their resources. If necessary, tribal funds which have been impounded could pay the costs of running them.

If, however, the program to dislodge the Indians is to be an all-out one, some educational program must be established to prevent the creation of another acute minority problem. It is imperative to slow down the relocation until the Indians have been prepared for integration.

The first step would be to institute a comprehensive orientation program in the relocation centers and on the reservations, providing some education and vocational training for the Indians who are to be sent into a mechanized, urban environment.

Secondly, there should be a thorough screening process to make sure that those who are participating in the program are able to make the adjustment physically and mentally. Obviously, a knowledge of the English language is a prerequisite. So is at least fair health. Many of the new arrivals have been women in advanced pregnancy; many have been men with tuberculosis scars and other defects which make them unacceptable to industries.

Instead of being given the rosy picture of the promised land, the Indians who are leaving the security of their old life should have a more realistic picture of what lies before them. Most of them, Mrs. Standingbear says, are "woefully prepared." Few bring changes of clothing, bedding, or even cooking utensils — apparently under the delusion that the centers will "take care of everything."

Courses in household management are a must for women who have never seen electric lights and know nothing about shopping and little about cooking anything but the foods they have always eaten, which are rarely available. One woman was severely burned when her little tot tried to light the unfamiliar gas stove in their city dwelling.

A health insurance program is a must since the limited budgets of unskilled workers settling down in a new environment rarely stretch to cover medical and hospital bills. And the municipalities charged with their integration should make exceptions to residence requirements in order to permit the new arrivals to avail themselves of necessary services. The American Indians, that long-suffering and inarticulate minority, have a great contribution to make to our culture. Unless they are permitted to do that, they will become a social and economic burden of magnitude — a shadow on the national conscience.



## An Atlantic Story



*A native son who was born in Salinas, California, in 1902, JOHN STEINBECK devoted himself to marine biology during his student years at Stanford University, an interest vividly reflected in his stories about Cannery Row. His first three books were failures and he had tried his hand at reporting and as hod carrier, chemist, surveyor, and fruit picker before he came into the clear as a novelist. In the comedy which follows he projects a holdup which even the FBI might be slow in solving.*

### HOW MR. HOGAN ROBBED A BANK

by JOHN STEINBECK

ON THE Saturday before Labor Day, 1955, at 9:04½ A.M., Mr. Hogan robbed a bank. He was forty-two years old, married, and the father of a boy and a girl, named John and Joan, twelve and thirteen respectively. Mrs. Hogan's name was Joan and Mr. Hogan's was John, but since they called themselves Papa and Mama that left their names free for the children, who were considered very smart for their ages, each having jumped a grade in school. The Hogans lived at 215 East Maple Street, in a brown-shingle house with white trim — there are two. 215 is the one across from the street light and it is the one with the big tree in the yard, either oak or elm — the biggest tree in the whole street, maybe in the whole town.

John and Joan were in bed at the time of the robbery, for it was Saturday. At 9:10 A.M., Mrs. Hogan was making the cup of tea she always had. Mr. Hogan went to work early. Mrs. Hogan drank her tea slowly, scalding hot, and read her fortune in the tea leaves. There was a cloud and a five-pointed star with two short points in the bottom of the cup, but that was at 9:12 and the robbery was all over by then.

The way Mr. Hogan went about robbing the bank was very interesting. He gave it a great deal of thought and had for a long time, but he did not discuss it with anyone. He just read his newspaper and kept his own counsel. But he worked it out to his own satisfaction that people went to too much trouble robbing banks and that got them in a mess. The simpler the better, he always thought. People went in for too much hullabaloo and hanky-panky. If you didn't do that, if you left hanky-panky out,

robbing a bank would be a relatively sound venture — barring accidents, of course, of an improbable kind, but then they could happen to a man crossing the street or anything. Since Mr. Hogan's method worked fine, it proved that his thinking was sound. He often considered writing a little booklet on his technique when the how-to rage was running so high. He figured out the first sentence, which went: "To successfully rob a bank, forget all about hanky-panky."

Mr. Hogan was not just a clerk at Fettucci's grocery store. He was more like the manager. Mr. Hogan was in charge, even hired and fired the boy who delivered groceries after school. He even put in orders with the salesmen, sometimes when Mr. Fettucci was right in the store too, maybe talking to a customer. "You do it, John," he would say and he would nod at the customer, "John knows the ropes. Been with me — how long you been with me, John?"

"Sixteen years."

"Sixteen years. Knows the business as good as me. John, why he even banks the money."

And so he did. Whenever he had a moment, Mr. Hogan went into the storeroom on the alley, took off his apron, put on his necktie and coat, and went back through the store to the cash register. The checks and bills would be ready for him inside the bankbook with a rubber band around it. Then he went next door and stood at the teller's window and handed the checks and bankbook through to Mr. Cup and passed the time of day with him too. Then, when the bankbook was handed back, he checked the entry, put the rubber band around it,



and walked next door to Fettucci's grocery and put the bankbook in the cash register, continued on to the storeroom, removed his coat and tie, put on his apron, and went back into the store ready for business. If there was no line at the teller's window, the whole thing didn't take more than five minutes, even passing the time of day.

Mr. Hogan was a man who noticed things, and when it came to robbing the bank, this trait stood him in good stead. He had noticed, for instance, where the big bills were kept right in the drawer under the counter and he had noticed also what days there were likely to be more than other days. Thursday was payday at the American Can Company's local plant, for instance, so there would be more then. Some Fridays people drew more money to tide them over the weekend. But it was even Steven, maybe not a thousand dollars difference, between Thursdays and Fridays and Saturday mornings. Saturdays were not terribly good because people didn't come to get money that early in the morning, and the bank closed at noon. But he thought it over and came to the conclusion that the Saturday before a long weekend in the summer would be the best of all. People going on trips, vacations, people with relatives visiting, and the bank closed Monday. He thought it out and looked, and sure enough the Saturday morning before Labor Day the cash drawer had twice as much money in it — he saw it when Mr. Cup pulled out the drawer.

Mr. Hogan thought about it during all that year, not all the time, of course, but when he had some moments. It was a busy year too. That was the year John and Joan had the mumps and Mrs. Hogan got her teeth pulled and was fitted for a denture. That was the year when Mr. Hogan was Master of the Lodge, with all the time that takes. Larry Shield died that year — he was Mrs. Hogan's brother and was buried from the Hogan house at 215 East Maple. Larry was a bachelor and had a room in the Pine Tree House and he played pool nearly every night. He worked at the Silver Diner but that closed at nine and so Larry would go to Louie's and play pool for an hour. Therefore, it was a surprise when he left enough so that after funeral expenses there were twelve hundred dollars left. And even more surprising that he left a will in Mrs. Hogan's favor, but his double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun he left to John Hogan, Jr. Mr. Hogan was pleased, although he never hunted. He put the shotgun away in the back of the closet in the bathroom, where he kept his things, to keep it for young John. He didn't want children handling guns and he never bought any shells. It was some of that twelve hundred that got Mrs. Hogan her dentures. Also, she bought a bicycle for John and a doll buggy and walking-talking doll for Joan — a doll with three changes of dresses and a little suitcase, complete with play make-up. Mr. Hogan thought it might spoil the children, but it didn't

seem to. They made just as good marks in school and John even got a job delivering papers. It was a very busy year. Both John and Joan wanted to enter the W. R. Hearst National "I Love America" Contest and Mr. Hogan thought it was almost too much, but they promised to do the work during their summer vacation, so he finally agreed.

## 2

DURING that year, no one noticed any difference in Mr. Hogan. It was true, he was thinking about robbing the bank, but he only thought about it in the evening when there was neither a Lodge meeting nor a movie they wanted to go to, so it did not become an obsession and people noticed no change in him.

He had studied everything so carefully that the approach of Labor Day did not catch him unprepared or nervous. It was hot that summer and the hot spells were longer than usual. Saturday was the end of two weeks heat without a break and people were irritated with it and anxious to get out of town, although the country was just as hot. They didn't think of that. The children were excited because the "I Love America" Essay Contest was due to be concluded and the winners announced, and the first prize was an all-expense-paid two days trip to Washington, D.C., with every fixing — hotel room, three meals a day, and side trips in a limousine — not only for the winner, but for an accompanying chaperone; visit to the White House — shake hands with the President — everything. Mr. Hogan thought they were getting their hopes too high and he said so.

"You've got to be prepared to lose," he told his children. "There're probably thousands and thousands entered. You get your hopes up and it might spoil the whole autumn. Now I don't want any long faces in this house after the contest is over."

"I was against it from the start," he told Mrs. Hogan. That was the morning she saw the Washington Monument in her teacup, but she didn't tell anybody about that except Ruth Tyler, Bob Tyler's wife. Ruthie brought over her cards and read them in the Hogan kitchen, but she didn't find a journey. She did tell Mrs. Hogan that the cards were often wrong. The cards had said Mrs. Winkle was going on a trip to Europe and the next week Mrs. Winkle got a fishbone in her throat and choked to death. Ruthie, just thinking out loud, wondered if there was any connection between the fishbone and the ocean voyage to Europe. "You've got to interpret them right." Ruthie did say she saw money coming to the Hogans.

"Oh, I got that already from poor Larry," Mrs. Hogan explained.

"I must have got the past and future cards mixed," said Ruthie. "You've got to interpret them right."

Saturday dawned a blaster. The early morning weather report on the radio said "Continued hot and humid, light scattered rain Sunday night and Monday." Mrs. Hogan said, "Wouldn't you know? Labor Day." And Mr. Hogan said, "I'm sure glad we didn't plan anything." He finished his egg and mopped the plate with his toast. Mrs. Hogan said, "Did I put coffee on the list?" He took the paper from his handkerchief pocket and consulted it. "Yes, coffee, it's here."

"I had a crazy idea I forgot to write it down," said Mrs. Hogan. "Ruth and I are going to Altar Guild this afternoon. It's at Mrs. Alfred Drake's. You know, they just came to town. I can't wait to see their furniture."

"They trade with us," said Mr. Hogan. "Opened an account last week. Are the milk bottles ready?" "On the porch."

Mr. Hogan looked at his watch just before he picked up the bottles and it was five minutes to eight. He was about to go down the stairs, when he turned and looked back through the opened door at Mrs. Hogan. She said, "Want something, Papa?"

"No," he said. "No," and he walked down the steps.

He went down to the corner and turned right on Spooner, and Spooner runs into Main Street in two blocks, and right across from where it runs in, there is Fettucci's and the bank around the corner and the alley beside the bank. Mr. Hogan picked up a handbill in front of Fettucci's and unlocked the door. He went through to the storeroom, opened the door to the alley, and looked out. A cat tried to force its way in, but Mr. Hogan blocked it with his foot and leg and closed the door. He took off his coat and put on his long apron, tied the strings in a bowknot behind his back. Then he got the broom from behind the counter and swept out behind the counters and scooped the sweepings into a dustpan; and, going through the storeroom, he opened the door to the alley. The cat had gone away. He emptied the dustpan into the garbage can and tapped it smartly to dislodge a piece of lettuce leaf. Then he went back to the store and worked for a while on the order sheet. Mrs. Clooney came in for a half a pound of bacon. She said it was hot and Mr. Hogan agreed. "Summers are getting hotter," he said.

"I think so myself," said Mrs. Clooney. "How's Mrs. standing up?"

"Just fine," said Mr. Hogan. "She's going to Altar Guild."

"So am I. I just can't wait to see their furniture," said Mrs. Clooney, and she went out.

### 3

MR. HOGAN put a five-pound hunk of bacon on the slicer and stripped off the pieces and laid them

on wax paper and then he put the wax-paper-covered squares in the cooler cabinet. At ten minutes to nine, Mr. Hogan went to a shelf. He pushed a spaghetti box aside and took down a cereal box, which he emptied in the little closet toilet. Then, with a banana knife, he cut out the Mickey Mouse mask that was on the back. The rest of the box he took to the toilet and tore up the cardboard and flushed it down. He went into the store then and yanked a piece of string loose and tied the ends through the side holes of the mask and then he looked at his watch — a large silver Hamilton with black hands. It was two minutes to nine.

Perhaps the next four minutes were his only time of nervousness at all. At one minute to nine, he took the broom and went out to sweep the sidewalk and he swept it very rapidly — was sweeping it, in fact, when Mr. Warner unlocked the bank door. He said good morning to Mr. Warner and a few seconds later the bank staff of four emerged from the coffee shop. Mr. Hogan saw them across the street and he waved at them and they waved back. He finished the sidewalk and went back in the store. He laid his watch on the little step of the cash register. He sighed very deeply, more like a deep breath than a sigh. He knew that Mr. Warner would have the safe open now and he would be carrying the cash trays to the teller's window. Mr. Hogan looked at the watch on the cash register step. Mr. Kenworthy paused in the store entrance, then shook his head vaguely and walked on and Mr. Hogan let out his breath gradually. His left hand went behind his back and pulled the bowknot on his apron, and then the black hand on his watch crept up on the four-minute mark and covered it.

Mr. Hogan opened the charge account drawer and took out the store pistol, a silver-colored Iver Johnson .38. He moved quickly to the storeroom, slipped off his apron, put on his coat, and stuck the revolver in his side pocket. The Mickey Mouse mask he shoved up under his coat where it didn't show. He opened the alley door and looked up and down and stepped quickly out, leaving the door slightly ajar. It is sixty feet to where the alley enters Main Street, and there he paused and looked up and down and then he turned his head toward the center of the street as he passed the bank window. At the bank's swinging door, he took out the mask from under his coat and put it on. Mr. Warner was just entering his office and his back was to the door. The top of Will Cup's head was visible through the teller's grill.

Mr. Hogan moved quickly and quietly around the end of the counter and into the teller's cage. He had the revolver in his right hand now. When Will Cup turned his head and saw the revolver, he froze. Mr. Hogan slipped his toe under the trigger of the floor alarm and he motioned Will Cup to the floor with the revolver and Will went down quick. Then Mr. Hogan opened the cash drawer and with

two quick movements he piled the large bills from the tray together. He made a whipping motion to Will on the floor, to indicate that he should turn over and face the wall, and Will did. Then Mr. Hogan stepped back around the counter. At the door of the bank, he took off the mask, and as he passed the window he turned his head toward the middle of the street. He moved into the alley, walked quickly to the storeroom, and entered. The cat had got in. It watched him from a pile of canned goods cartons. Mr. Hogan went to the toilet closet and tore up the mask and flushed it. He took off his coat and put on his apron. He looked out into the store and then moved to the cash register. The revolver went back into the charge account drawer. He punched No Sale and, lifting the top drawer, distributed the stolen money underneath the top tray and then pulled the tray forward and closed the register, and only then did he look at his watch and it was 9:07½.

He was trying to get the cat out of the storeroom when the commotion boiled out of the bank. He took his broom and went out on the sidewalk. He heard all about it and offered his opinion when it was asked for. He said he didn't think the fellow could get away — where could he get to? Still, with the holiday coming up —

It was an exciting day. Mr. Fettucci was as proud as though it were his bank. The sirens sounded around town for hours. Hundreds of holiday travelers had to stop at the roadblocks set up all around the edge of town and several sneaky-looking men had their cars searched.

Mrs. Hogan heard about it over the phone and she dressed earlier than she would have ordinarily and came to the store on her way to Altar Guild. She hoped Mr. Hogan would have seen or heard something new, but he hadn't. "I don't see how the fellow can get away," he said.

Mrs. Hogan was so excited, she forgot her own news. She only remembered when she got to Mrs. Drake's house, but she asked permission and phoned the store the first moment she could. "I forgot to tell you. John's won honorable mention."

"What?"

"In the 'I Love America' Contest."

"What did he win?"

"Honorable mention."

"Fine. Fine — Anything come with it?"

"Why, he'll get his picture and his name all over the country. Radio too. Maybe even television.

They've already asked for a photograph of him."

"Fine," said Mr. Hogan. "I hope it don't spoil him." He put up the receiver and said to Mr. Fettucci, "I guess we've got a celebrity in the family."

Fettucci stayed open until nine on Saturdays. Mr. Hogan ate a few snacks from cold cuts, but not much, because Mrs. Hogan always kept his supper warming.

It was 9:05, or :06, or :07, when he got back to the brown-shingle house at 215 East Maple. He went in through the front door and out to the kitchen where the family was waiting for him.

"Got to wash up," he said, and went up to the bathroom. He turned the key in the bathroom door and then he flushed the toilet and turned on the water in the basin and tub while he counted the money. Eight thousand three hundred and twenty dollars. From the top shelf of the storage closet in the bathroom, he took down the big leather case that held his Knight Templar's uniform. The plumed hat lay there on its form. The white ostrich feather was a little yellow and needed changing. Mr. Hogan lifted out the hat and pried the form up from the bottom of the case. He put the money in the form and then he thought again and removed two bills and shoved them in his side pocket. Then he put the form back over the money and laid the hat on top and closed the case and shoved it back on the top shelf. Finally he washed his hands and turned off the water in the tub and the basin.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Hogan and the children faced him, beaming. "Guess what some young man's going on?"

"What?" asked Mr. Hogan.

"Radio," said John. "Monday night. Eight o'clock."

"I guess we got a celebrity in the family," said Mr. Hogan.

Mrs. Hogan said, "I just hope some young lady hasn't got her nose out of joint."

Mr. Hogan pulled up to the table and stretched his legs. "Mama, I guess I got a fine family," he said. He reached in his pocket and took out two five-dollar bills. He handed one to John. "That's for winning," he said. He poked the other bill at Joan. "And that's for being a good sport. One celebrity and one good sport. What a fine family!" He rubbed his hands together and lifted the lid of the covered dish. "Kidneys," he said. "Fine."

And that's how Mr. Hogan did it.





*Mother of three children of whom the "John" of this story is the oldest, ANNA MARY WELLS is teaching English at Douglass College of Rutgers University. She is the author of four murder mysteries and of stories and articles in a number of magazines. In 1947, the Atlantic published "The Truly Feminine Mother," and "nothing I've ever written," the author tells us, "drew a more gratifying response."*

## A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING

by ANNA MARY WELLS

### 1

JUSTICE HOLMES's mother taught him to read when he was three," Mrs. Holmes read aloud from the newspaper. The identity of the names caused her to be interested in everything she read about Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes although she had never been able to trace any relationship. But this additional coincidence was almost too much for her.

"Bet his I.Q. wasn't as high as John's," Mr. Holmes said.

Mr. Holmes was definitely and belligerently proud of his elder son. Mrs. Holmes, who did the liaison work with the public school, was more doubtful. She had learned a great deal about public schools since John had started kindergarten. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes believed in public schools. They lived near the state university in a middle-sized Far Western city, and about half of the children in the nearest public school were sons and daughters of faculty members. The Holmeses felt smugly that the school combined all the advantages of a democratic educational system with the best features of a good private school. If Mrs. Holmes did not mention to the kindergarten teacher in September that John had already acquired the art of reading, it was modesty and not shame that kept her silent. Learning to read ahead of schedule was, she supposed in her innocence, a mild aberration with which the school would be entirely competent to cope.

As it happened, the school year was well into the spring term before the kindergarten teacher found out. The matter never came up at all until one March day when the teacher found John reading a story from a book in which he was supposed to be looking at pictures. She sent for Mrs. Holmes.

"John really reads," she said in the tone of one bravely admitting the worst while quite determined to make the best of it. "Sometimes they get to know stories by heart and they know by the pictures where to turn the page and they can fool you

amazingly. But when you stop John on any word, he can tell you what it is."

"Oh, yes, he reads," Mrs. Holmes said. "It was quite a surprise to me. I was reading him *The King of the Golden River* for bedtime stories, in sections, you know, because it's so long, and when it came time to read about Gluck trying the climb he said never mind — he'd wanted to know the end, so he finished it himself. It was a great relief, really, because my husband and I are both rather sick of bedtime stories."

The kindergarten teacher was a charming young woman with a gentle manner that put all the children at their ease. Using all her tact now, she made clear to Mrs. Holmes what a dreadful abnormality John's was.

"Of course we *could* teach children to read at five," she said, "but why should we? You can force a rosebud, but it is so much sweeter when it unfolds naturally. And there is so much to learn in the kindergarten year about social adjustment and the world of nature that we don't feel we should bother with reading until the children are quite, quite ready for it. Preparation for reading is a very delicate and involved process. I have some books here I want to let you read."

Mrs. Holmes murmured agreement.

"You *can* teach a child to read before it's ready, of course. We had a little girl once who could read when she was four. Her parents were very strange. I shouldn't want to be harsh in my judgments, but some people said her father was a Communist. In any case they were people with very odd ideas. Well, she could read when she was only four; oh, yes, she could read all right, but on the playground she was like a little sick chicken."

Mrs. Holmes struggled with an impulse to discuss Communism or to inquire about the future fate of the unhappy little girl. By an effort of will she kept herself to the subject in hand.

"Does John act like a sick chicken on the playground?"

"No, he acts quite normal. I'd never have suspected anything out of the way about him," the kindergarten teacher admitted generously.

When Mrs. Holmes went home she carried under her arm three books by Columbia University professors about Reading Readiness in the Preschool Child. She and her husband arranged forthwith for John to have horseback riding lessons to take his mind off literature, horses being his second great passion. They decided to let it go at that and not deprive him of his cherished library card.

Later in the spring a distinguished kindergarten teacher from the East came for a week's demonstration teaching of John's class. John's own teacher evidently kept his dreadful secret, because when Mrs. Holmes met the stranger the latter smiled brightly and said, "John's mother? John is such a wholesome, normal little boy." Mrs. Holmes accepted this highest accolade of the modern educator with gratitude marred only by a strong suspicion that the visitor was not quite sure which little boy was John.

## 2

WHEN the first-grade teacher sent for Mrs. Holmes she put off the interview as long as she dared. But when at last she went to school her reception was a surprise.

"I want you to tell me how you taught John to read," the first-grade teacher said. "It's perfectly amazing."

Mrs. Holmes watched her warily, suspecting a trap. "We didn't really teach him; he picked it up himself. The kindergarten teacher didn't think it was a very good idea."

The first-grade teacher laughed comfortably. "I'm afraid I'm old-fashioned." She gestured toward a table at the side of the room where a set of alphabet blocks was arranged in its proper order. "We don't teach the alphabet any more, you know. But this year the children voted for it, and I was very glad to let them have it."

"They voted for the alphabet?"

"Yes. Each year every class votes on what it wants to study and then it studies that all year. They study China and India and the post office and things. This year someone said he'd like to learn the alphabet, and all the other children said so too, so I thought perhaps it would be all right to put it up there for them." Mrs. Holmes looked hard at the first-grade teacher, but she was not smiling. "Do tell me about John learning to read," she said.

"Well, when he was two he liked to play with anagrams," Mrs. Holmes said, and launched happily into the story, all the way up to *The King of the Golden River*.

"They don't believe in double promotions any more," the first-grade teacher said, "but I have

John helping a little boy who didn't pass last year. We're hoping to coach him along and get him into the second grade where he belongs."

This state of affairs seemed altogether too good to last, and so it proved to be. Mr. Holmes's profession involved a wandering life, and six weeks later a ukase from Washington sent the family to a vast Midwestern industrial city.

"I don't know what they'll do with John," the first-grade teacher said, filling out his transfer card. "I've put down that he reads at second-grade level, because if I said third or fourth they wouldn't believe it. I don't know whether they'll put him ahead or not."

The principal, who was very modern in her views, hoped not. "You're going to one of the best public school systems in the nation," she said.

The new school had a large and polyglot student body. Pushing her way through a crowded, noisy hall on a December morning, Mrs. Holmes looked anxiously at her son. John never rose to a crisis; he didn't like crowds or confusion or strangers, and he was looking white. Mrs. Holmes hoped the formalities could be settled quickly and John established in the quiet backwater of a classroom. She gave the transfer card to one of the three secretaries in the principal's outer office, who began at once to fill in an enormous sheet for the records. She hesitated momentarily over the discrepancy between John's age and his guaranteed reading level and then compromised by assigning him to 1-A, halfway between the two extremes.

At that moment the principal came out of her office and stopped to be friendly with the little newcomer. She patted John on the head, and John made a low, snarling sound. The principal jumped as if she had been bitten.

"Doesn't he want to come to school?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid he's a little upset by all the strangeness," Mrs. Holmes said.

"Where does he come from, where are you putting him, what are you doing that for?" the principal asked the secretary in an offended tone.

John's scowl was growing more ominous and he was paler. The explanations between the secretary and the principal gave every evidence of being long-drawn-out. Mrs. Holmes took the assignment slip the secretary had laid on the counter and, with John in tow, walked quietly out with it. She would find the room herself, she thought, and come back to talk to the principal without him.

The teacher in room 12 accepted John and the slip without enthusiasm. "Can he write?" she asked.

"Only on the typewriter."

The teacher sighed as if this were no more than she expected, and called a little boy to show John a locker and a seat. Mrs. Holmes walked back to the office.

"Where *have* you been?" the principal asked. "I just turned around and you were gone."

"I thought I'd take John down to his classroom and get him settled."

"But where did you take him?"

"Room 12 — where it said on the slip."

"But that's not right; that's not where he belongs; he's not six and a half; he's six; why did you put him there?"

"He reads," Mrs. Holmes said incautiously.

"He belongs in grade 1-B," the principal said. "We will go and get him at once."

"It might be better to leave him where he is just for this morning," Mrs. Holmes said timidly. "When he gets too badly upset he throws up."

"Nothing could upset him worse than being in the wrong grade," the principal said, and they went and got John and put him in 1-B.

When Mrs. Holmes went back for him at noon he wasn't there. Halfway to the office to make inquiries she met the principal again.

"He *can* read," the principal said. Mrs. Holmes swallowed hard and reminded herself that the public school is a great democratic institution. John was back in 1-A but a different 1-A. No one knew why. He cried when he saw his mother. "I don't know where they put my coat and hat," he said. Mrs. Holmes found the coat and hat and took him home. More, she brought him back in the afternoon.

"I was in three classes and I went to see the principal again," John said. "As soon as they started to read in that class she sent me down to the principal and I read her *The Three Little Pigs*, but she wouldn't let me finish."

John never got *E* in reading. Since Mr. and Mrs. Holmes's public school days, grading had been abandoned. The children's cards were marked *U* for unsatisfactory, *S* for satisfactory, and *E* for excellent. In Mrs. Holmes's elementary school days there had been *E* for excellent, *G* for good, *F* for fair, and *P* for poor. The children seemed to regard their *U*'s, *E*'s, and *S*'s in much the same way that she and her friends had regarded their grades. But there was a difference. In John's school, children never got *E* for things they did really well, because it was easy for them. John got *E* in spelling. One of his compositions read: —

Natcher is what amles, pepole, fish. Do every day. Like eating. And mother works and we play. What amles say and do. That is natcher.

And another: —

We our prod of are cournty. The flag stands for are cournty. We our Loile. Do not rape things up in the flag.

He got *E* sometimes, also, in art and music, although his drawing was abominable and he couldn't carry a tune. His reading was marked satisfactory.

He wasn't very happy in the new school. "Worst of all I hate library," he said.

"You hate *library*?" his mother echoed. "Why, John, you know you don't."

"Yes I do, Mother. All the bookcases are locked except the Easy Books when our class goes up, and I've read all the Easy Books over and over, and when you take one you have to keep it that whole class and it only takes about a minute to read."

"Well, tell her you can read harder ones and she'll let you."

"Oh, no, she won't."

"John, of course she will. It's silly to be so timid. If you won't ask her, I will the next time I'm over there, but you're very silly not to."

But John didn't, and Mrs. Holmes encountered the librarian in the hall one afternoon when she stopped at school to get him for the dentist's. "I'm ashamed of my child for being so timid," she said, "but he won't ask you — he can read pretty well, and he'd like to be allowed to read some of the other books in the library besides the Easy Bookcase, if you could let him."

The librarian smiled. "I know he can read," she said. "I've thought about letting him have some other books — but then it seemed to me he would be missing some charming things in the Easy Books. Charming. Science and things."

"But he says he's read them all," Mrs. Holmes went on bravely, though considerably deflated.

"If we let him read the others, he'll read all of those, and what will he do when he grows up?"

For John's sake Mrs. Holmes took a deep breath and tried again. "We're letting him read whatever he likes at home," she said. "Just now it's *Gulliver's Travels*."

"He may read it but he doesn't understand it," the librarian said.

"He said he didn't like it." Mrs. Holmes had decided it might be better for John if she were conciliating. As a matter of fact, what John had said was: "I don't like 'I' books because they can only tell what the 'I' saw. I like stories that tell what everybody did and thought."

On the bus to the dentist's, four-year-old Henry said, "That sign says Rival Dog Food."

Mrs. Holmes looked at him in undisguised horror. "Can you read it?"

"Of course not," John said. "He knows by the picture."

Mrs. Holmes sighed and settled back in the seat. At least she didn't have to face that just yet.



# Liberal Education

*When DAVID A. SHEPARD graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1927 and entered the employ of Standard Oil of New Jersey, the oil industry was filled with engineers and those who had earned their seniority in the field without benefit of college. But over the years a change has taken place; men with a liberal arts education have proved their value in oil as in other American industries, and today speaking as a Director of Jersey Standard, Mr. Shepard makes this forthright analysis of his company's quest for executives.*

## MANAGEMENT IN SEARCH OF MEN

by DAVID A. SHEPARD

### 1

IN THE early days the oil business was the province of the self-made man, and that traditionally rugged, untutored individual sought little help from college boys in running his affairs. Technical requirements in the field were often limited to skill in using a divining rod; advancement in the refinery depended largely on whether you had the strong back needed to fire an oil still.

Within my own recent business experience I have worked with men who were the pioneers in showing that engineers and others with scientific education had great contributions to make to the oil industry. They helped standardize equipment, invented new producing and refining techniques, and, by applying scientific principles to the discovery and recovery of oil in the ground, grew to be so valuable that they made the industry one in which the slide rule became a vital tool.

Now we are on the threshold of a new phase. For as industry grows and its responsibilities with it — and this is particularly true of the oil business on the international scene — we recognize that other kinds of skills are also important to the job the corporation has to do. We are vitally interested in getting properly educated young men and women as present employees and future leaders.

Our interest, I imagine, is reflected by hundreds of thousands of students in American colleges and universities. Many of those students who hope eventually to find positions in industry are deciding upon a field of concentration and choosing courses; others, who are now in their final year, will soon be engaged in the actual search for jobs. Naturally they want to find out what value big business puts on the kind of education they are receiving. And none, I should imagine, are more anxious to know this than those who are candidates for a degree in the liberal arts.

There has been a great deal of talk lately in universities and secondary schools about the vast engineering opportunities in industry, about em-

bryonic engineers just out of school who, clutching their brand-new degrees, are collecting \$7000 or more a year for their services. Big city Sunday papers are filled with advertisements for a variety of technical talents.

Does this mean that young men with a liberal arts education find very little opportunity in modern industry? The answer is, I think, emphatically no. As a matter of fact, the basic question seems to me to be: How many parts Specialization to how many parts Generalization? An anecdote best points up industry's problem and its solution: —

The president of a large steel company, at the end of a personal search for a bright young man for his office, had two equally impressive candidates — one a metallurgist, the other a liberal arts graduate who had majored in English literature. He had them both to lunch — together. The next day he saw each of them in separate interviews.

The metallurgist came in with an air of resignation. "I know I don't have a chance for the opening," he said. "After meeting the other candidate, it's plain to me that his broader background and his ability to size up all sorts of situations far outweigh the technical knowledge I have to offer."

The English major also came in to bow out of the picture. "A few minutes' conversation at luncheon," he said, "convinced me that I couldn't hope to compete with a man who has such practical knowledge of the steel industry. I realize now what good equipment a study of the sciences is for business."

The steel executive solved the problem by hiring both men. Both kinds of abilities were essential to his business. And I believe that is precisely the decision industry in general has come to. We surely have to have the technical men; but large enterprises are social organisms, aggregations of people, societies which must have their ethics, their values, and a sense of perspective as well as technology. They very much need a leadership with depth and

breadth in understanding, for the ends of science and technology are human ends — and so are many of their means.

Industry's sense of need for the broadly educated mind is reflected, I think, in an experiment being conducted by one company — which, I am told, has hired a liberal arts student with the express intention of turning him into an electrical engineer. The company hopes that he will absorb enough information by osmosis from the other engineers and by extra reading to become a competent engineer himself. If the experiment succeeds, the firm will have found not only a new way of acquiring technologists but a way of acquiring technologists with uncommonly broad backgrounds.

I concede that this idea is a little extreme; but it is certainly evidence of the value which business is putting on a good general education. Many studies, articles, and industrial leaders have been emphasizing that it is the well-rounded type of man who is scarce — that it is not enough merely to have men who can do ingenious things with machines or bring forth miracles from test tubes. Irving S. Olds, retired board chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, puts it this way: "The most difficult problems American enterprise faces today are neither scientific nor technical, but lie chiefly in the realm of what is embraced in a liberal arts education."

Our corporate industrial units require such wisdom quite as much as they do their technology and science. Without it they run the risk of putting the job before the man, the product ahead of the consumer. This kind of distortion could lead to one of the worst of industrial inefficiencies — the failure properly to relate the work of a business organization to the framework of the society it exists to serve.

In Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) we estimate, conservatively, that our full-time directors give more than half of their working hours to problems of a human relations rather than a technical or economic nature. In a situation involving foreign investments, for example, a great deal of care must be taken to integrate company operations with the social and cultural patterns of the host country. Often the difficulty is one of having to move industry into a predominantly agricultural region where roads must be built, houses and schools provided, and community relations developed. Always, too, a delicate balance must be struck between the unavoidable initiative — even paternalism — of the company and a people's desire for self-sufficiency. Such problems obviously call for the broadest kind of thinking.

A typical problem that confronted us recently was whether to discontinue operations of a certain refinery. From a strictly economic point of view it seemed desirable to close the plant. But there were many social problems to be considered, in-

cluding the possible repercussions of such an action within the surrounding community. It was finally decided that these human factors outweighed all the others; consequently, the refinery was kept open.

## 2

IT is plain, however, that the real measure of the importance attached to the man with a liberal arts education is not so much in what people in industry say or think about it as in what they do about it. So, we may ask, how is the liberal arts graduate faring in big business? Do the non-technically trained people have a chance to rise to top positions? Also has their college training been a major factor in any success they may have had?

I offer some evidence on this point from the experience of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). We were a little surprised by what we found not long ago when we made a spot check on this question.

Most of us, in guessing how many non-technical college graduates there were among our employees, chose a figure of 10 to 15 per cent. Considering the fact that the oil business is of a highly technical nature, this seemed a very reasonable supposition. However, a survey we made in the parent company and its affiliates in the Western Hemisphere showed that as of the end of 1953 we had 3436 employees with non-technical degrees out of a total of 10,383 college graduates, or 33 per cent.

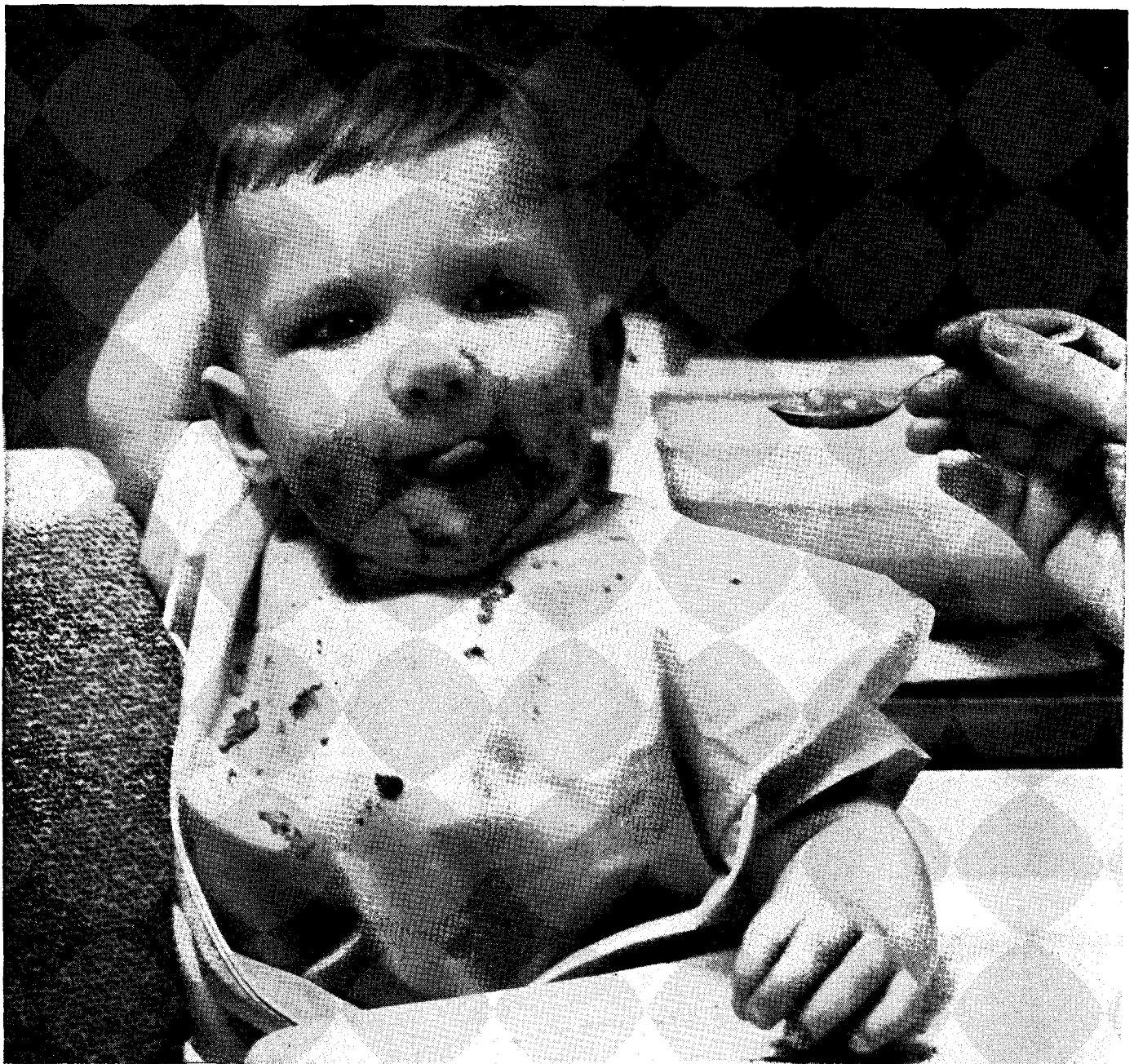
We found, moreover, that during 1953 our company and its affiliates hired 990 college graduates. Of the 990 newcomers, exactly one third held non-technical degrees.

It didn't surprise us that the field of business administration accounted for almost a third of the liberal arts graduates. It might seem somewhat more remarkable that the field of education accounted for 15 per cent, and economics and foreign trade 12 per cent, while 5 per cent had majored in English literature.

This survey was by no means perfect, nor exhaustive. For instance, it did not show how many of each sex were employed, and I suspect that a number of these new graduates were young women with B.A. degrees who were hired to fill stenographic positions. Furthermore, the 15 per cent coming from schools of education undoubtedly were mainly teachers engaged by Latin American affiliates to teach in company-operated schools. But the fact remains that we have been drawing far more non-technical people into the organization over the years than many of our executives had surmised.

Because of the survey's limited nature, many of the important questions concerning the relative weights of college influences and career influences in the production of managers have been left unanswered. Our company has recently joined with other corporations from several industries in a fact-





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\*Names on request from this magazine



gathering undertaking, hoping to discover some yardstick by which we can identify at an early stage in an employee's career what qualities, background, education, and environmental influences are likely to help him grow into a successful, top-level executive.

This research project is called E.I.M.P. The abbreviation is much simpler than the jawbreaker for which it stands: Early Identification of Management Potential. Twenty-five companies and two universities are participating.

In its present state, the survey is a measurement of two groups in management which are determined by differences in salary, position, rate of promotion, and similar factors. One group, judged by such standards, is considered more successful than the other. The study begins with each company setting up these yardstick groups from among its own executives. The research will involve the executives in interviews, questionnaires, and a battery of psychological tests. Then one group will be compared with the other in statistical terms to discover whether there are significant differences. When the participating companies have collected enough information they will make a comparison of the data from all twenty-five companies.

The study will take a long time. It will involve a total of several hundred executives. Each of them will have been interviewed and will have taken at least eight different tests by questionnaire or otherwise. We already know that the personal history of the individual is one of the promising leads for early discovery of executive potential. The multi-company survey will include questions to bring out what the individual did and something about what he thought from adolescence on through high school, college, and early work experience. The armed forces have had considerable success with this type of questioning, giving us hope that at least in this respect we may be on the right track.

Our interest in identifying management potential at an early stage ties in with a basic program of executive development which has been operating within Jersey Standard for more than ten years now. The program is based on the premise that executive talent can be developed on some sort of systematic basis, in the interests of both the individual and the company. Jersey Standard's plan takes into account methods of selection, appraising, and training which start early in a man's career and continue until his retirement. Under the program, a young man who has shown promise will be moved from job to job (and often from country to country) to develop continually his inherent ability, expose him to new backgrounds, and help him learn by actual participation.

A young engineer, for example, after some years in the research labs and pilot plants might be sent to Europe or Latin America to assist in the operations of an affiliate's refinery. In a few more years,

after rising to a management position in some area of that company's activities, he might come back to the United States for on-the-job training in employee relations, marketing, public relations, or some other phase of the business needed to round out his background. In time he might attend a three-month course at Harvard, the University of Pittsburgh, or one of the twenty-seven other U.S. colleges and universities to which companies now send men to give them a wider perspective on their business and cultural world. Where he would go from there would depend largely on how well he had profited from all this experience. But the chances are good that he would eventually arrive in the higher echelons of management, either in this country or with an affiliated company abroad. The same sort of developing career would be available to a man entering sales, transportation, producing, or any other phase of our business.

Many large corporations have similar programs. In fact, putting a young employee's advancement on a planned basis has been one of the most significant business developments in the post-war period. Naturally the formal part of such programs can only go so far. Many intangibles must be taken into account: a man's ability to get along with all sorts and races of men, his own concept of life, his personal integrity—all factors which are founded on early upbringing and education. It is in the hope of discovering clues to these qualities near the beginning of a man's career that the E.I.M.P. survey is being carried out.

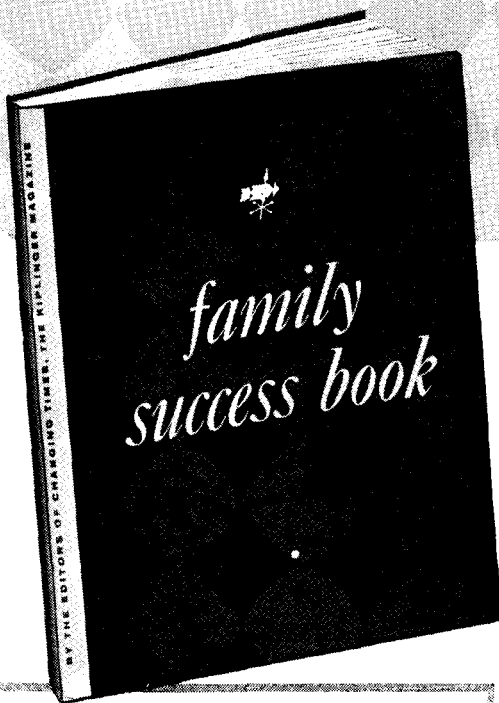
No survey can supply all the answers. But this one will tell us something more about where a liberal arts education fits into the complex pattern of executive potential.

If I were a professor of the humanities concerned with the role of my subject in this modern world, I should be greatly heartened by the change in attitude which seems to me apparent among business organizations today. More and more they are developing a keen interest in the fields of the social sciences, economics, psychology, and the other humanities. Such a movement will surely help to create career opportunities for many liberal arts specialists, including historians, psychologists, anthropologists, personnel and public relations experts, and writers. This situation indicates to me that, in the course of its natural evolution, business is really offering more opportunities for liberal arts graduates than ever before.

*Because of the importance of this subject to business management and educators alike, the Atlantic will send up to five reprints of this article on request. Quantities in excess of five will be supplied at cost. Address the Publisher, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.*

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world wars. In 1917 and 1918 he served as an Intelligence Officer in the AEF. In 1942, as a Staff Officer in G2, he was assigned to the section covering the campaign in North Africa, and after the successful termination of that operation he was sent to Dakar as our Military Observer in French West Africa. It is with this experience that he seeks to evaluate John Gunther's most ambitious survey, *Inside Africa*. Since 1940, Mr. Danielson has been President of The Atlantic Monthly Company.

## JOHN GUNTHER'S AFRICA

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

ANYONE who reads John Gunther's *Inside Africa*, or even reads *in* it, must be conscious that he is dealing with a journalistic *tour de force* of extraordinary dimensions. To explore the gigantic and diverse continent of Africa and to study the inside workings and problems of its vast populations is an appalling undertaking. I am told that in 1952-1953, during his and Mrs. Gunther's 40,000 miles of often difficult travel in a continent about four times the size of the United States, he interviewed formally over 1500 people. Moreover Mr. Gunther's task was aggravated by serious eye trouble which made the taking of notes and the reading and re-reading of them an ordeal. That he and Mrs. Gunther should have completed that task and produced this fascinating book of 952 pages is a tribute to their enthusiasm and journalistic devotion.

The Gunthers girdled the continent and made many excursions into the interior. All the separate states of Africa were covered, some with more particularity than others. A few statistics from Mr. Gunther's book will give some idea of the problems facing the enthusiastic inquirer and reporter. On Africa's 11.3 million square miles live 198 million people divided into a fantastic number of nations and tribes. These are astoundingly variegated. The African people speak something like seven hundred main languages and innumerable tribal dialects. Of the 198 million people in Africa, probably only 5 million are white or of European origin. Yet the white man rules, although overwhelmingly outnumbered. Such statistics tell us, says Mr. Gunther, "why nationalism has such force. Only too patently 11,750 white men [as in Nigeria] cannot keep 30,000,000 black men from becoming free, once the 30,000,000 black men decide that they *want* to become free." At times one feels perhaps that Mr. Gunther is stressing quantity rather than quality, but he has the brute fact of numbers behind him.

This is not a travel book. As Mr. Gunther says, "it is a book of politics and information. But it is impossible to give a fair picture of some African countries without brief descriptions of some trips we took." As he is an excellent observer as well as reporter, and writes with a knack for a pungent phrase, Mr. Gunther's descriptions and narrations agreeably relieve the fairly heavy doses of outright political statistics. Too rarely Mr. Gunther lets down the bars and supplies us with groups of small but intriguing facts. Until I read this book I did not know, for example, that the horn of a rhinoceros is made of hair, not ivory; or that hippos "have reddish sweat"; or that the roar of a lion "can be audible at a distance of six or seven miles." I am in debt to Mr. Gunther for the information that "when an elephant charges, he does not hold his trunk out and aloft, but carefully curls it up and tucks it against his chest; the trunk is delicate and too valuable to risk in combat." These and similar bits of information are extraneous to the purpose of this volume. The important element in the book is the present political and social conditions in Africa and the outlook for the future which they imply.

One thing is certain: No one can generalize about Africa or Africans. The racial tensions which exist in one section are almost wholly different from those prevailing in another. The character and the quality of populations in one region will be absurdly different in another. Pygmies and giants may live almost side by side. Africans differ physically, mentally, and in their relative advances toward civilization. Each region or country has to be studied separately.

Defenseless Africa, already conquered and divided, but with only a fraction of its potentials realized or exploited, lies there today — perhaps the hope of the world, perhaps destined to chaos. Certainly, with few exceptions unrest is rampant everywhere. Here are the questions which Mr.



Gunther asked himself during his travels: "Is the white man finished in Africa? Are Africans capable of self-government? If imperialism is dead, what is going to take its place? . . . Can the colonial powers save their position by reform? . . . the answers are not easy."

French North Africa, including Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, is alive with nationalistic agitation and occasional violence. France has done many notable things in North Africa and has followed a policy of assimilation of the natives into French culture, and in the case of Algeria of political equality with citizens of Metropolitan France. The case of French North Africa is not yet desperate. Morocco at least is far from ready for independence, but whether or not the French can persuade the Arabs and the Berbers in this vast territory to seek their future under French guidance and coöperation remains to be seen. Egypt of course is a case of its own, being an independent country, as is Ethiopia. It is when one gets to British East Africa, including Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda, that the racial tensions become acute. Kenya is the most disturbed of these countries because there the white settlers really came to stay and took over the best of the farming country. Their continued tenure there is extremely problematical.

It was, however, when the Gunthers reached the Union of South Africa that they faced the most violent and difficult interracial situation on the whole continent. The present government is "grounded in part at least on three of the most unpleasant of human characteristics — fear, bigotry, and intolerance. It is based without qualification on the principle of unmitigated white supremacy (i.e., suppression of four-fifths of the people of the country) and it is in some respects the ugliest government I have ever encountered in the free world."

I think the chapters dealing with the Union of South Africa are the sharpest, most acute, and possibly the saddest in this book. The Union contains the largest white population of any state in Africa; it is enormously wealthy, and far more advanced in material ways than any other region; but white and black meet there head on, and what the ultimate result will be, no one can say.

Mr. Gunther has interesting chapters on Portuguese Africa, on Rhodesia and Nyasaland, on the Belgian Congo, on British West Africa with principal reference to Nigeria and the Gold Coast. In Nigeria the passion for independence is probably farther advanced and more intelligently advocated than in any other British African colony. The British policy is to educate and train the native Africans for self-government, but they hesitate to have a definite date assigned for that purpose. Mr. Gunther feels that the French are doing perhaps better work in black Africa than along the Mediterranean basin. In French Equatorial and in French West Africa relations between the natives and the

French are more flexible and easy than elsewhere.

I think that Mr. Gunther in his short chapter devoted to French West Africa has treated the subject somewhat inadequately. If his experiences there came at the end of his long journey, it may well be that he was tired and could not attack this subject with his usual *élan*. I may add that French West Africa and to a lesser degree Liberia are the only parts of Africa with which I am really acquainted. I can endorse every word written by Mr. Gunther in his chapters, "Mr. Tubman of Liberia" and "Monrovia Doctrine." This fantastic country is unique in that a small aristocracy of fifteen to twenty thousand, the descendants of the freed slaves who were sent from the United States in the 1820s, rules with an iron hand an unknown number of bush Negroes, perhaps a million and a half to two million in the hinterland. These two chapters are to me utterly fascinating and I recommend their reading. As it is impossible to check the accuracy of Mr. Gunther's reporting without following in his footsteps — which God forbid — it is satisfactory to me to testify to his thoroughly comprehensive treatment of Liberia and his proper, if uninspired, account of French West Africa.

In his recapitulation, Mr. Gunther sums up his findings on the white man in Africa: "Kenya is the worst trouble spot in Africa from the criterion of public order, in consequence of the prolonged, bloody Mau Mau rebellion. . . . In the Union we have inspected one of the most unpleasant and exacerbated political situations in the world. *Apartheid* cannot work as its inventors hoped it would work, but the governing authorities will make no concession that might conceivably lead to a harmonious relationship between white and black. . . . Portuguese Africa has not yet entered the modern world; the Belgian Congo has. Belgian rule is bourgeois, practical, and stern; it has done a good deal for the Africans and . . . will be obliged to do more. Sixty thousand Belgian whites cannot permanently deny political expression and civil rights to more than 12,000,000 blacks. On the British West Coast we have encountered the highest advance of colonial peoples toward effective self-government. Nigeria has profound problems still to solve particularly in the realm of national unity. . . . Taken all in all, British rule is the best. If I were an African I would rather live in a British territory than any other. The British do not give as much economic opportunity in some realms as the Belgians and perhaps not as much political and racial equality as the French in Black Africa, but the average African in British territory has more copious access to the two things Africans need most — education and justice."

What a vast change in thought and morals has taken place since World War I! Imperialism and colonialism, if not highly respectable, were at least accepted as normal conditions at the turn of the

century and for some time afterwards. Indeed the generation which knew and admired Rudyard Kipling succeeded in convincing itself that white imperialism in backward countries was a helping hand to the natives, drawing them out of darkness into light. Mr. Kipling succeeded in convincing me at least of the heroic work being done by British administrators and soldiers. It was not until Mr. Dooley explained their function to Mr. Hennessy in approximately these words, "Take up the White Man's burden and hand it to the coons," that I began to wonder. This was a body blow to the colonialism and imperialism of the day, and our Mr. Wilson followed through with his "self-determination" doctrine. Since then the British Empire

has moved out of India and Burma and Ceylon — probably the greatest gesture of renunciation in history. Everywhere, colonies and protectorates are seething with nationalistic agitation which may or may not be justified.

Mr. Gunther is consistently political in his attitude. He counts noses and he is constantly reiterating that a handful of whites cannot for long govern and decide the destinies of millions of blacks. To repeat, his emphasis is on quantity rather than quality. Of course he does differentiate carefully between the degrees of advancement of indigenous populations, and I think that on the whole his comments and conclusions are eminently fair. All in all, this is a profoundly impressive book.



## MESSENGER

by HORTENSE FLEXNER

STRANGE under land trees,  
In gray of evening,  
The sea bird,  
Walking the wood-path  
To dark appointment.

Hearing my step, he hurried,  
Fell forward, rose, walking on,  
Spreading his wings for balance,  
Going sedately,  
As if he had never learned flight  
In the wild nest of his hatching.

I lifted him light and quiet  
As any barn fowl, man-trusting.  
At home on my arm  
The wings I had seen as a speck  
In the open skies of his coasting,  
Or tilted for dainty landing  
On wet precarious cliff —  
Now accepting my strangeness  
Bemused and calm,  
In dim transition,  
Lost and yet led,  
Serene in foreknowledge  
Of a new nest,  
A new egg to be chipped,  
Another hatching.

He had come at a good hour;  
I thanked him for his teaching,  
And gave him sea burial.

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# THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



## THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD  
WEEKS

WE WERE a generation suddenly infatuated with the new ragtime and the dances that went with it, and the Thé Dansant was our coming out. The Vernon Castles were of course our beaux ideal—Vernon slim, spare, straight-backed, very graceful with his guiding arm, the left, not stretched out as in the waltz, but in an upraised right angle; and as for Irene, when you looked at her with the calf's eyes of sixteen, you saw the pretty face framed in the curly, glossy bob, the lovely legs, and the incredible way she followed. They danced closer together than any other couple we had ever seen, with daring swiftness, and as she followed Vernon she set him off. "The Castle Walk, the Castle Walk"—I can hear it now as the six Brown Brothers played it on their saxophones, as the Van Epps Trio—banjo, sax, and piano—played it at the Country Club, as the full orchestra played it in *Watch Your Step* when the Castles stopped the show forty-one springs ago.

You couldn't imitate the Castles without training, and four of us trained winter weekend after weekend in Ellen's front parlor. Pilly and Paul, Ellen and myself, we'd roll up the rugs, push the furniture back, put the record on the Victrola; and as the first bars sounded, Ellen with arms upraised would be dancing toward me. Forehead to forehead, elbow resting on elbow, we'd done nothing like this in our lives before, and we loved it. Not only the Castle walk (which needed a long straightaway) but the turkey trot (everybody's doin' it!) which was a good deal more jouncy, the maxixe, and the hesitation waltz. We played them all, did them all with a minimum of pause from 8:30 to midnight—by which time Mr.

and Mrs. Dudley upstairs must have been groaning for sleep.

With such rehearsals we were ready for the Thés Dansants (4 to 7 P.M.) which came in a cluster in the holidays after Lent. The gardenia with its card was delivered that morning (Paul, whose father was the Mayor, sometimes sent an orchid), and punctually at four we picked up the girls in the Mayor's Buick. It wasn't until they had left their coats in the checkroom that we saw how attractive they looked in their brown velvet with the corsage at the shoulder. There was always a jam getting up to the receiving line, and this time at the end of it was a vivacious stranger, a girl from New York, full-breasted, all in black with a flower in her hair.

Then you were out on the floor, and was it slippery! "How's this for a party! Boy, you lead well. . . . Ouch, I'm sorry. . . . Get out and get under, get out and get under. . . . May I break? . . . Gee, what music! It's Meyer Davis. . . . Avalon just makes me feel creepy all over. . . . May I cut? . . . O-o-oh, you beautiful doll, you. . . . Hi, Bud, have you tried that doll from New York? Some kid! . . . And then he'd row, row, row. May I cut? . . . I like your dress. (Pause.) Black is so becoming—always makes a woman look older. (Pause.) Is this your first visit to Elizabeth? (Pause.) I love a man who can talk as well as he dances. (Pause.) . . . Bud, you rat! We've just started. . . . They'll never believe me. . . . That poor guy, he's been stuck with her for an hour. Might as well wave a dollar bill. . . . That blonde from Plainfield smells like Cleopatra. You can have her. . . . Watch Ed Hixon reverse—over there in the corner; he's in a class by himself. I want si-imp-athy, si-imp-athy is all I ask (swoop, rise to your toes, and hold). . . . I could go on doing this forever. . . . Make them give us an encore. . . . Good night, ladies. (Oh, no!) Good night, ladies. (Where's Ellen?) Good night, ladies, we're going to leave you now. Merrily we roll along, roll along. . . ."

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noons I have been describing — more elaborate and with a higher alcoholic content, thanks to Prohibition. Mr. Prescott's forebears came from New England and they had done very well for themselves in the environs of Cleveland before young Orville came on the scene. One of his grandfathers was the president and founder of the Sherwin Williams Paint Company, while Grandfather Prescott, who was both an ordained Baptist minister and a wealthy Yankee trader, owned a lumber yard, general stores in Pennsylvania and Michigan, and farms in three states.

Orville grew up in a cultivated, sheltered atmosphere, reading prodigiously (his grandmother gave him the gold piece as a reward for his first reading), learning a little in a strange medley of schools, and discovering at Williams College that what he most valued was quietude, literature, and independence. He held fast to these values as he went up the rungs of journalism, as a contributing editor of *Newsweek*, *Cue*, and the *Yale Review*, and the same quiet devotion distinguishes his criticism today in the *New York Times*.

Mr. Prescott writes in an amiable tone with a nice sense of humor, with a sharp edge of discrimination, and with a buoyancy not to be confused with sheer optimism. The far-off days have a serenity and quaintness most inviting: summer at Winden, Grandfather Sherwin's big farm outside of Cleveland, the incredible expeditions led by Colonel Bolt at the Bridger Ranch School in the Rockies, the more formative book learning at Plymouth Academy, and the years at Williams are panels of American life which we share in with pleasure. When in 1934 he married Liliás and she gave up her job at *Newsweek* for the sake of a family, they both began learning their jobs as parents with an affection that made their suburban life durable. His reviews began to attract attention, and so he moved on into the realm of lecturing and criticism, even-tempered, perspicacious, and with that inexhaustible fund of curiosity and appreciation which is the prerequisite of the great reader.

### The English and l'amour

David Garnett, like Robert Nathan and Conrad Richter, has made a specialty of the short novel. *Lady into Fox* was his first, and of others more recent I recall with pleasure *The Sailor's Return* and *The Grasshoppers Come*. His new narrative, *Aspects of Love* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), is a revolving crystal, reflecting the clashing temperaments of the English and the French; the amusing differences between a French wife and her English lovers; the contrast between the passions of the late teens and the tolerant, more experienced devotion of a man in his sixties.

The story begins with the stage-struck Alexis. He has been expelled from an English public school, and while doing penance in the south of France

falls in love with the leading actress in a little stock company at Montpellier. In an interval between engagements they run off to "Les Pervenches," his guardian's country place at Pau; there she initiates him quite charmingly to the fact that she is a man-eater, and there Sir George Dillingham, his uncle, who has been notified by the caretaker, interrupts their idyl.

Sir George for all his Edwardian fastidiousness is taken with Rose, and when Alexis departs for his military service, Rose moves into the elder's delightful flat on the Ile St. Louis. So the trio are bound together, and the moods of reconciliation, anger, repudiation, and revenge which pursue them thereafter make a series of well-lit theatrical scenes and add up a score which is never really closed even at the very end when Alexis is beginning to fall in love with Rose's ingénue daughter.

Mr. Garnett has the Englishman's delight in the French countryside, and he invests the clandestine visit to "Les Pervenches" with a very real flavor. The meals which Alexis cooks there, the taste of the native wine, the masquerade when the lovers discover Lady Dillingham's dresses in the attic and begin to rehearse the parts which Rose will soon have to play — all this is refreshing. Alexis is naïve and attractive; Rose, nearly ten years his senior, the more robust. And you see her grow — her triumph as a leading lady in Paris; her happiness at La Grange, the farm close to Chinon where she installs Sir George; her tact in managing her young lover Vincent; her protectiveness for her daughter Jenny — in all of this she reveals her lovely French vitality. It is, alas, Alexis who proves to be the stick. The magnetism he had at seventeen is soon consumed in his selfishness, and his military life shuts him off from the experience which has made Sir George such a darling.

### Ringmaster Bromfield

To the annals about his famous farm, Malabar, Louis Bromfield has added a most appealing book and one which is chock-full of personality, *Animals and Other People* (Harper, \$3.75).

Louis, who could have been just as successful a ringmaster or lion tamer as he is a writer, has what it takes to make creatures love him: he is hearty and protective; he is considerate and not given to timidity; and with these attributes he has gathered about him at Malabar a menagerie whose escapades are fun to follow. The boxer is his favorite breed of dog — but this does not preclude his having strays of other kinds, such as his Scotty, Dash — and the clan of boxers, headed in turn by the favorite "boss-dogs," Rex, Prince, and Baby, soon took over the Big House. They learned to open the doors and to chew their way out of windows, they slept on the chairs or on Louis's bed, they found the thousand-acre farm hugely to their delight; and since Louis loves to show off the place





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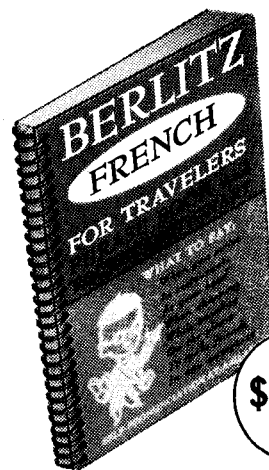
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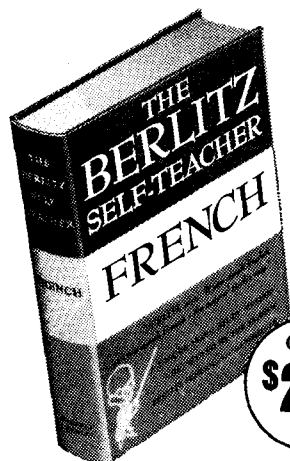
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it wasn't long before they were showing off, too. Their ingenuity as described in these pages is sometimes questionable, but seeing is believing; and what Louis hasn't taught them they have learned for themselves. The place wouldn't run without them.

Put next Sylvester, the prize bull. Sylvester is a handsome great Guernsey, and for his plaything Louis provided him with a big iron oil-drum which Sylvester would butt uphill on the slope of the bull pen. The game became a kind of handball which the bull would play for as much as an hour at a time until the day when, the drum having become rusted, Sylvester pierced it with his horns and his head became imprisoned in a noisy, impossible wedge.

Then there is Haile Selassie, the black ram with the great curling horns and the habit of butting visitors through the front door — including no less a personage than Vladimir Popoff, the animal-breeding expert from Soviet Russia. These are a few of the soloists to which one must add the foxes, the skunks, the raccoons, who are the real natives of that rich, half-wild country near Mansfield. I remember the bees who gave Louis such a beautiful working-over and the enchanting mongoose Rikky who lived on at the old house in Senlis long after the Bromfields had moved away. George, Louis's affectionate secretary and alter ego, walks sunnily in and out of these pages, and so do others to whom Malabar and its animals matter. Pleasant days pleasantly recalled.

### When Senators stand out

For obvious reasons, Senators seldom write books. It took great courage for **Senator John F. Kennedy** to carry to completion his *Profiles in Courage* (Harper, \$3.50), for the book was written during long illness by one who candidly admits that he is neither a professional writer nor a trained historian. What he has done is to signalize eight United States Senators who stood out in stubborn devotion to the country's welfare at a time when few people understood or valued what they were doing.

Senator Kennedy begins quite properly with "J.Q.A.," who never hesitated to stand alone, and I think he is at his best in reviving our respect for "old Bullion" Benton and Lucius Q. C. Lamar. Sam Houston is almost too unwieldy to crowd into a single chapter, and the episode about Bob Taft seems too fragmentary. But it is a worthy undertaking, and to it Senator Kennedy brings a knowledge of political methods and pressures and a sensitivity to the tension between a man's private necessities and his public responsibilities. His concluding pages are firm and eloquent, and one of the best things about this book is that it is handmade — I mean written without the assistance of a public relations officer.

## BOOKS

### *The Editors Like*

#### Fiction

**AMRITA** by *R. Praewer Jhabvala*. (Norton, \$3.50.) Dry, elegant comedy about an Indian couple who try to marry without their families' consents. Old India, New India, love, Europe, and a few innocent bystanders are gracefully skewered on Mrs. Jhabvala's rapier.

**CAT MAN** by *Edward Hoagland*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75.) Prize-winning first novel about a circus handyman who prefers his animal charges to his ramshackle human colleagues. Not for the squeamish, but the prose is crisp and nervous, and the descriptions of the big cats are lovely stuff.

**KUMARI** by *William Buchan*. (Morrow, \$3.50.) A romantic novel about an Englishman's love affair with India, symbolized by two different women. Mr. Buchan is frankly a follower of Conrad, and although the borrowed style sometimes gets out of hand, it is on the whole effective, sometimes brilliantly so.

**THE PROUD MAN** by *Elizabeth Linington*. (Viking, \$3.95.) The gaudily engaging characters of Irish history have been neglected by historical novelists, and it is a pleasure to find Miss Linington doing well by Shane O'Neill, the Ulster chieftain whose improbable feats included a serious attempt to marry Queen Elizabeth.

#### Americana

**MRS. FISKE** by *Archie Binns*. (Crown, \$5.00.) A lively biography of one of the great figures of the American stage, a small but indomitable lady whose influence (as innovator, Ibsenite, trust-bucker, and conservationist) was enormous.

**NIGHT FELL ON GEORGIA** by *Charles and Louise Samuels*. (Dell, 25¢.) Careful reconstruction of a murder and trial that set Atlanta on its ear in 1913. A *cause célèbre* in its own day, the Frank case still has the power to puzzle and disturb.

**THE LAST WILDERNESS** by *Murray Morgan*. (Viking, \$3.95.) Stories of the Olympic Peninsula, where trees, fact, and fiction are equally tall. This book is unpretentious and great fun.

#### The Wild World

**LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD** by *Ivan T. Sanderson*. (Hanover House, \$9.95.) Even without the many pictures (190 in color) this would be a delightful book, for Mr. Sanderson describes beasts with infectious liking, perpetual wonder, and a nice sense of comedy.

**MAMMALS OF THE WORLD** by *François Bourlière*. (Knopf, \$12.50.) Another fine animal book, with lovely pictures (fewer in color, but more background in most) and a text which, if not conspicuous stylistically, covers more ground than Mr. Sanderson's.

**TONGA** by *Patricia Ledyard*. (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.75.) Tonga is evidently a real dream of a South Sea island; the author sticks to people, history, and amusing incident and is pleasantly unimpressed by her own proceedings as a schoolteacher.

**JUNGLE CHILD** by *Norah Burke*. (Norton, \$3.50.) Charming descriptions of a little girl's adventures in the forests of northern India more than outweigh a few lapses into testy nostalgia for the great days of empire and aristocracy.



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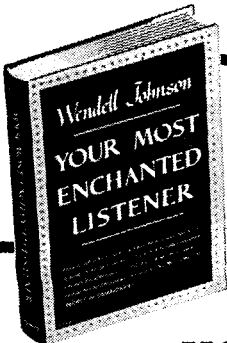
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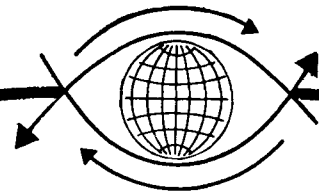
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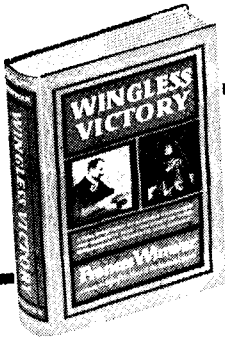
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## Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



IN 1954, Graham Greene was a correspondent in Indo-China, and out of this experience has come a novel distinctly different in character from its two predecessors, in which Roman Catholic doctrine was the heart of the matter. Religion has no central part in *The Quiet American* (Viking, \$3.50), a tale of war, love, and political intrigue in and around contemporary Saigon. The novel's theme is one which has been primarily associated with American literature — the theme of American "innocence" versus European "experience."

Greene's narrator, Thomas Fowler, is a middle-aged British correspondent. As a husband and as a lover he has deeply hurt the two women he loved; and now, disillusioned with the human condition in general, he has made it his credo to remain "not involved." A pretty, undemanding Annamite mistress protects him from loneliness, and a few nightly pipefuls of opium take the edge off his unhappiness.

The "quiet American," Alden Pyle — a warmly outgoing and earnest idealist — is officially attached to the Economic Aid Mission, but actually is engaged in undercover work. Fowler is exasperated by his innocence but cannot help being touched by him: Pyle is so obviously "a good man." Even when he falls in love with Fowler's mistress and wishes to marry her, his conduct throughout could not be more high-minded.

Pyle has swallowed as gospel the works of a globe-trotting American newspaper pundit, whose formula for the salvation of Asia from Communism is for his country to set its face against "colonialism" and throw its weight behind a Third Force — leaders who represent "national democracy." Fowler keeps warning Pyle of the danger of trying to apply this tidy thesis to the tortuous realities of Indo-China — "I wish sometimes," he says, "that you had a few bad motives; you might understand a little more about human beings." But Pyle is convinced that he has found his Third Force leader in the person of General Thé, who is fighting both

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



the French and the Communists, and who in fact is no more than a shoddy bandit. And Pyle continues to supply the General with American explosives even after Thé has embarked on a course of senseless terrorism, whose only result is the killing and maiming of Saigon civilians.

All of this is narrated by Fowler in flashbacks. At the novel's opening, Fowler is informed by the police that Pyle has been found murdered; and the story that follows is charged with the mystery and suspense of a whodunit. Greene has achieved this by not playing quite fair with the reader: one finally discovers that the narrator knew the answers all along. But the deception, it seems to me, is justified by the results: *The Quiet American* is a continuously intriguing piece of storytelling.

If Pyle, as many Americans will feel, is a caricature of American "innocence," Fowler is also an uninspiring symbol of European "experience" — Greene cannot be accused of playing favorites. In Fowler's unsparing image of himself and in his somewhat ambivalent feelings about Pyle, Greene has mordantly dramatized a European attitude which we know to be widely representative. He has also brought into vivid relief a universal human problem — the fearful price of innocence — and has shown that behind innocence there lurk unconscious arrogance and a self-righteous streak of moral blindness.

#### The good soldier Asch

*The Revolt of Gunner Asch* (Little, Brown, \$3.95) by **Hans Hellmut Kirst** is a German first novel which has already made publishing history. Translated into more than half-a-dozen languages, it has been warmly received by reviewers all over Western Europe, and its sales to date exceed 1,200,000 copies.

Ex-soldier Kirst's novel is an account of barracks life in the Wehrmacht shortly before the Second World War. The astonishing thing about it is that, while it achieves a devastating indictment of the German military system, it is pre-eminently a *humorous* book. Consistently amusing and often hilariously funny, it might loosely be described as a first cousin to *No Time for Sergeants*. It belongs in the tradition of Jaroslav Hasek's memorable comic novel, *The Good Soldier Schweik*.

Gunner First Class Herbert Asch is a thoroughly decent, firm-grained

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CHARLES ROLO, *The Atlantic*

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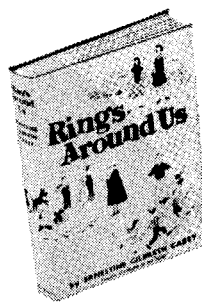
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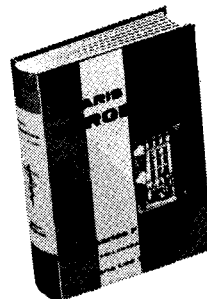
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young man, disgusted by the senseless tyranny of Prussian-Nazi discipline and determined to hold his own against it. To all appearances an impeccable soldier, he is a wizard at getting the better of noncoms and keeping out of trouble. But his best friend, Gunner Vierbein, is a lamentable Sad Sack; and when the ferocious Troop Sergeant Major orders his bully boys to give Vierbein "the treatment," Vierbein is driven to attempt suicide. At this point Asch, convinced that only drastic action can save his friend from being punished to death, decides to stage a public one-man revolt against the military machine. How he carries out this desperate enterprise makes a tale in which elements of drama and suspense are skillfully fused with high comedy — a tale which the author brings to a startling and altogether delightful conclusion.

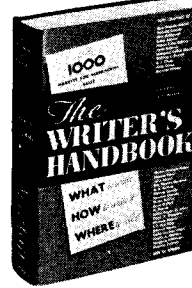
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### The trouble of one house

When Eugene O'Neill died in 1953, he left among his papers several dramas which have never been produced. One of them — an autobiographical play completed in 1941 and entitled *Long Day's Journey into Night* (Yale University Press, \$3.75) — has now been published in book form. In a note dedicating the script to his third wife, O'Neill describes it as "this play of old sorrow, written in tears and blood."

The setting is the living room of the Tyrones' summer home; and the action takes place on a single day in the year 1912. James Tyrone has been a successful actor for more than forty years and is now a wealthy man; but the appalling poverty of his childhood has bequeathed to him phobias which make him pathologically stingy. His wife, Mary, has just returned from a sanatorium, where she has taken a cure for dope-addiction. The eldest son is a hard-drinking ne'er-do-well, with a bitter hostility toward his father. The younger son, who has grown up hero-worshipping his brother, has ruined his health

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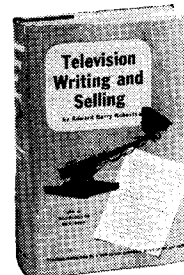
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bumming around the world; and now he learns he has contracted tuberculosis.

This, roughly, is the situation set forth in the first two acts. The last two carry us deeper and deeper into the lives of the Tyrones, laying bare the crucial happenings that have shaped them, the hurts they have inflicted on each other, the resentments and ambitions they have concealed, and the self-deceptions they have cherished. When the final curtain falls on a scene of utter desolation, O'Neill's unsparing exposure of his characters has brought with it understanding and pity.

The emotional phrasing of the drama — with its abrupt, surely handled switches from bitterness to affection; from strained amiability to impatience, jeering sarcasm, and remorse; from drunken garrulousness to searing confession — is continuously varied in tone and generally convincing. The play's major weakness is one which has often bedeviled would-be tragedy in modern dress. The protagonists — being not only devoid of heroic attributes but even lacking in ordinary dignity and strength — fail to arouse, as tragedy should, admiration and terror: all one can feel for them is pity. *Long Day's Journey into Night* has the power of a somber and dramatically unfolded case history. It lacks what O'Neill referred to as "the transfiguring nobility of tragedy."

The breakdown of an American family is also the theme of a long, highly charged first novel by N. Martin Kramer: *The Hearth and the Strangeness* (Macmillan, \$4.50). The story opens in the year 1908 with the marriage of Sumner Grange, a brilliant, erratic inventor — "a man uneasy on the earth" — to Lisette Rhone, a young woman imbued with the severe Puritanism of her Huguenot ancestors. Both partners have concealed from each other the fact that there exists a taint of insanity in their families; and the story, which shuttles back and forth in time from the early 1900s to the 1950s, unfolds the consequences of this deception.

Mr. Kramer, who has an impressive gift for characterization, has created five life-sized protagonists — Sumner and Lisette Grange; their son, Gareth, who changes from a gentle, pious young boy into a bitter veteran of two wars, a man plagued by gusts of murderous rage and by fears of dissolu-

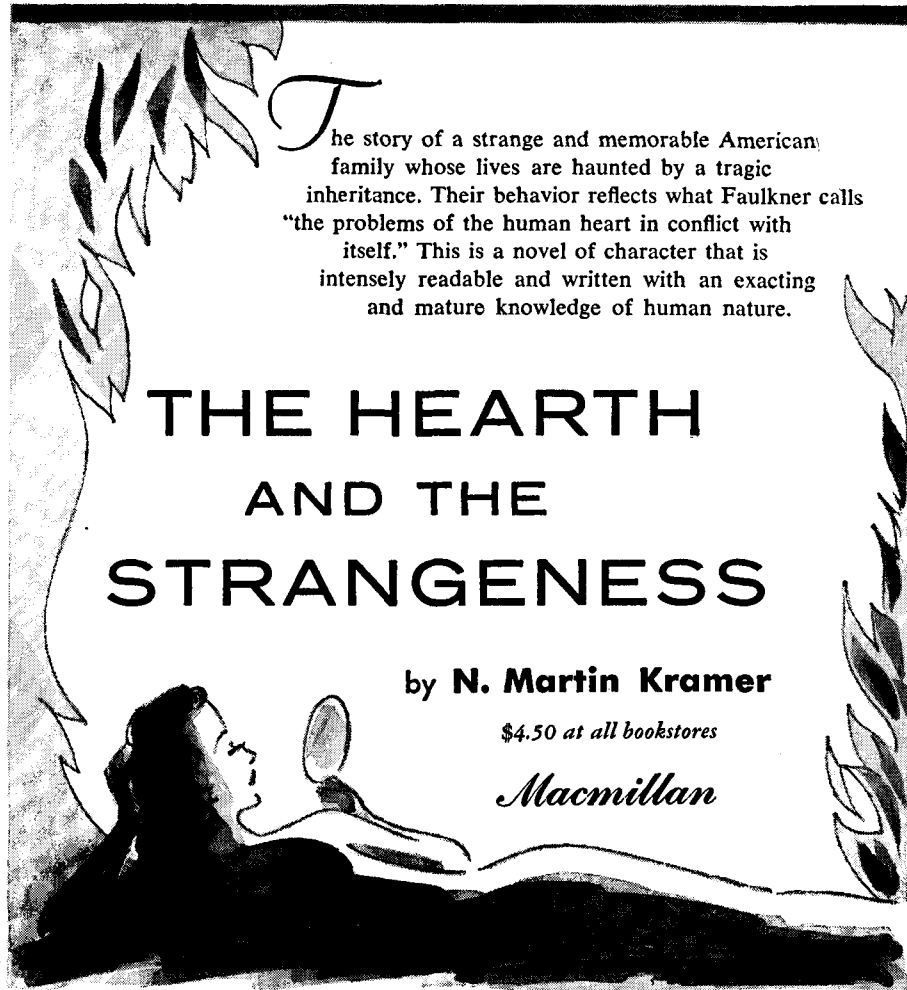
The story of a strange and memorable American family whose lives are haunted by a tragic inheritance. Their behavior reflects what Faulkner calls "the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself." This is a novel of character that is intensely readable and written with an exacting and mature knowledge of human nature.

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tion; and their two daughters, whose lives take a dramatically different turn. But like the O'Neill play, *The Hearth and the Strangeness* fails to achieve the key of genuine tragedy; and for all its narrative power, the point it registers is a purely clinical point about the treacherous course of hereditary insanity.

## Saints and sinners

A new novel by another winner of the Nobel Prize (it was awarded to O'Neill in 1936) has recently been published: **François Mauriac's *The Lamb*** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.00). Reintroducing the de Mirbel family, which appeared in *Woman of the Pharisees*, France's leading Catholic novelist has written a taut religious drama of a young man's self-sacrifice and an older man's redemption by it.

Xavier Dartigelongue is traveling to Paris to enter a seminary when an encounter in the railway carriage with Jean de Mirbel precipitates a crisis in his life. Xavier has been profoundly moved by the look of suffering on the face of de Mirbel's wife as she said good-by to her husband at the station; and presently he learns that Jean is leaving her for good. As they talk, Jean — a hard, bitter man with a jeering contempt for religion — changes his tack to moral blackmail: he will return to his wife if Xavier will come along with him and try his hand at "saving" them. Xavier feels compelled to go, and at the de Mirbel household he gets caught up in a further conflict. Hitherto dedicated to the idea of celibacy, he falls in love with the de Mirbels' governess and she with him. Whether Xavier's eventual fate, and the part Jean plays in it, make plausible Jean's spiritual regeneration is a point which every reader will have to decide for himself.

To experience to the full the impact of Mauriac's work it is necessary to share to some degree his austere vision of life: his passionate consciousness of Sin and his equally intense preoccupation with Salvation. But whatever one's theology or lack of it, the finely disciplined artistry with which *The Lamb* is written makes it a tale of considerable power. It has the classic virtues of economy, concentration, and mounting dramatic tension.

## Cause célèbre

***The Dreyfus Case*** (Reynal, \$5.00) by Guy Chapman, a British his-

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torian — the second book on that *cause célèbre* to appear within six months — is unusual in that it challenges the alleged Dreyfusard "legend" which "has passed into history." That Dreyfus was of course innocent and that he was the victim of cruel injustice — this much Mr. Chapman fully recognizes. But regarding other aspects of the case, he arrives at the following verdicts: There is more to be said for the War Office than has generally been admitted. There are really no villains and no heroes in the drama. Anti-Semitism played little or no part in Dreyfus's arrest and conviction, and later was "no more than accessory" in the affair. There was no "plot" on the part of the high military authorities to prevent Dreyfus's innocence from being established.

Now, all of these contentions are shown to be resoundingly false — and by Mr. Chapman's own richly detailed exposition of the record. His documentation — as distinct from his interpretations — substantially corroborates the generally accepted views about the case and, if anything, heightens one's sense of the infamy of the fanatical anti-Dreyfusards.

On one crucial issue, however, even the factual presentation is seriously at fault. Perhaps the most important aspect of the Dreyfus case was that it provided a rallying ground for the various reactionary elements that were not reconciled to the republican form of government; and it led to a frenzied intensification of their maneuvers to undermine the republican regime. The point is beyond controversy, since the extreme rightists were only too eager to broadcast their objectives. But Chapman chooses to deny that there was any serious movement to bring about a *coup d'état*, and he omits much of the evidence which conflicts with this thesis.

The crux of the matter is that Chapman, though no extremist, is authoritarian in sentiment. The political consequences of the Dreyfusard victory — the separation of Church and State and the democratic reforms applied to the Army, which represented a long overdue implementation of republican principles — are regarded by Chapman as calamitous. (Here too, however, he partially refutes himself by noting that the Church, after being freed from the State, revived itself and grew stronger.) It is apparent that Chapman is in sympathy with those anti-

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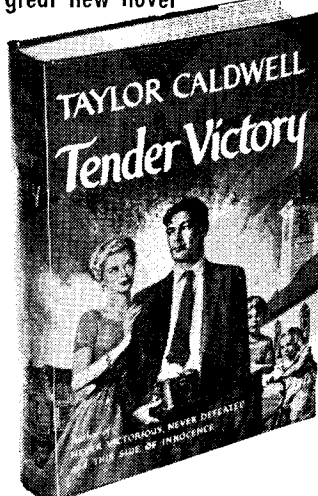
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Dreyfusards who, while acknowledging Dreyfus's innocence, saw the issue at stake as an agonizing conflict between justice to the individual and a "higher" principle, the principle of order — that mystical abstraction which is always being invoked by the authoritarian mind. The real issue was a conflict between justice to the individual and *what one body of opinion alleged to be* the interests of national security — an issue that is very much alive again today.

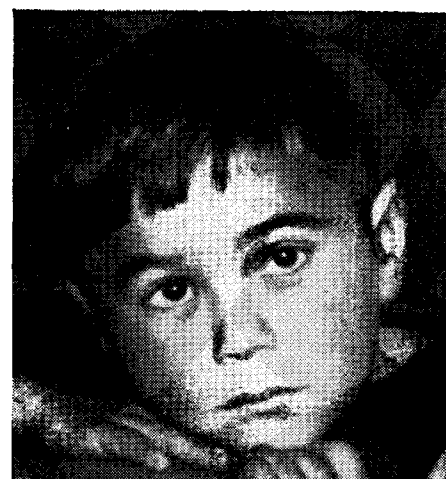
It would be difficult to write a dull book about the Dreyfus case, and this Mr. Chapman has not done; but he has written a curiously perverse one. He consistently denigrates the men who fought to establish the truth, and he proffers excuses for those who resorted to any and every means to establish and perpetuate a lie. His apologia for the latter is that they were merely men of "narrow loyalties" seeking to serve what they believed to be the best interests of the Army and the country. It is an argument which — as the post-war protestations of crime-laden Nazis have so vividly illustrated — can be employed to excuse any sort of villainy.

### Cretans and Turks

In his new novel, **Nikos Kazantzakis** — author of *Zorba the Greek* and *The Greek Passion*, and reportedly a leading candidate for the Nobel Prize for the past three years — commemorates the pride, sufferings, and heroism of his Cretan forebears in their struggle for liberation from Turkish rule. *Freedom or Death* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50) tells the story of the bloody events which were climaxed by the doomed revolt of 1889. At the center of the novel towers the Homeric figure of Captain Michales, a smoldering giant of a man possessed by a volcanic patriotism. In the Turkish camp there is also a figure of heroic stature, the great-hearted Nuri Bey, whose luscious Circassian wife plays a disruptive role in the story.

In Kazantzakis's fiction, everything is larger than life-size. Pride is white-hot and rage a tornado; distress sends a strong man roaming the streets groaning aloud "like a sick buffalo"; a glimpse of a pretty face makes men buckle at the knees with lust and gasp for breath. Colors, smells, the whole physical texture of the Cretan scene, are rendered with an overwhelming intensity.

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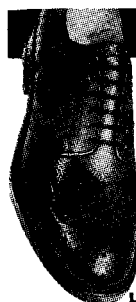
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zakis's work frequently seems inflated and unreal. For better or for worse, the world he creates is a quasi-mythological world; and he occupies a niche of his own in contemporary fiction. Few authors alive today can equal the tremendous vividness and the surging vitality of his novels.

### The "money world"

*Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75) is an early (1936) novel by the late George Orwell, which is now being published in this country for the first time. Its hero, Gordon Comstock, is a young poet who has grown up in shabby-genteel poverty; and as a product of the middle class, he has found his lack of money a source of endless humiliation. Convinced that the "money world" and its code are a disgusting swindle, Gordon has resigned from his job in an advertising agency and has sought to descend into the world of the down-and-outs, where keeping up appearances no longer matters. But two years in the lower depths, and a crisis with his sweetheart, make him realize that he has been a self-righteous prig, and that his revolt against money has been a revolt against life itself. And the story comes to a happy ending as Gordon begins to recognize, with a certain tenderness, the stubborn virtues of his class, whose symbol of respectability is the humble aspidistra on the window sill.

The novel is rather static for the first hundred pages and is marred by the hero's cloying self-pity. Its interest lies partly in the fact that much of Comstock's story is Orwell's autobiography. It is notable, too, for Orwell's savage satire of the "money world," and for the force and precision with which he describes the whole dingy expanse of British lower-middle class life in the 1930s. As in everything Orwell wrote, there is a burning integrity which gives the novel, despite the drabness of its material, a considerable poignancy. Admirers of Orwell's work should find the book well worth their attention.



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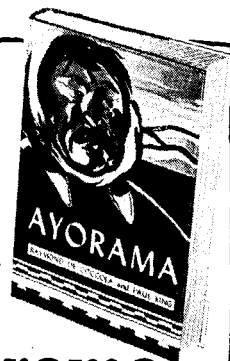
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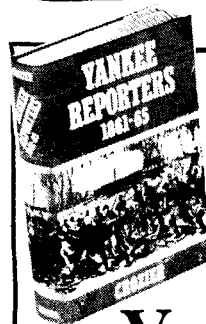
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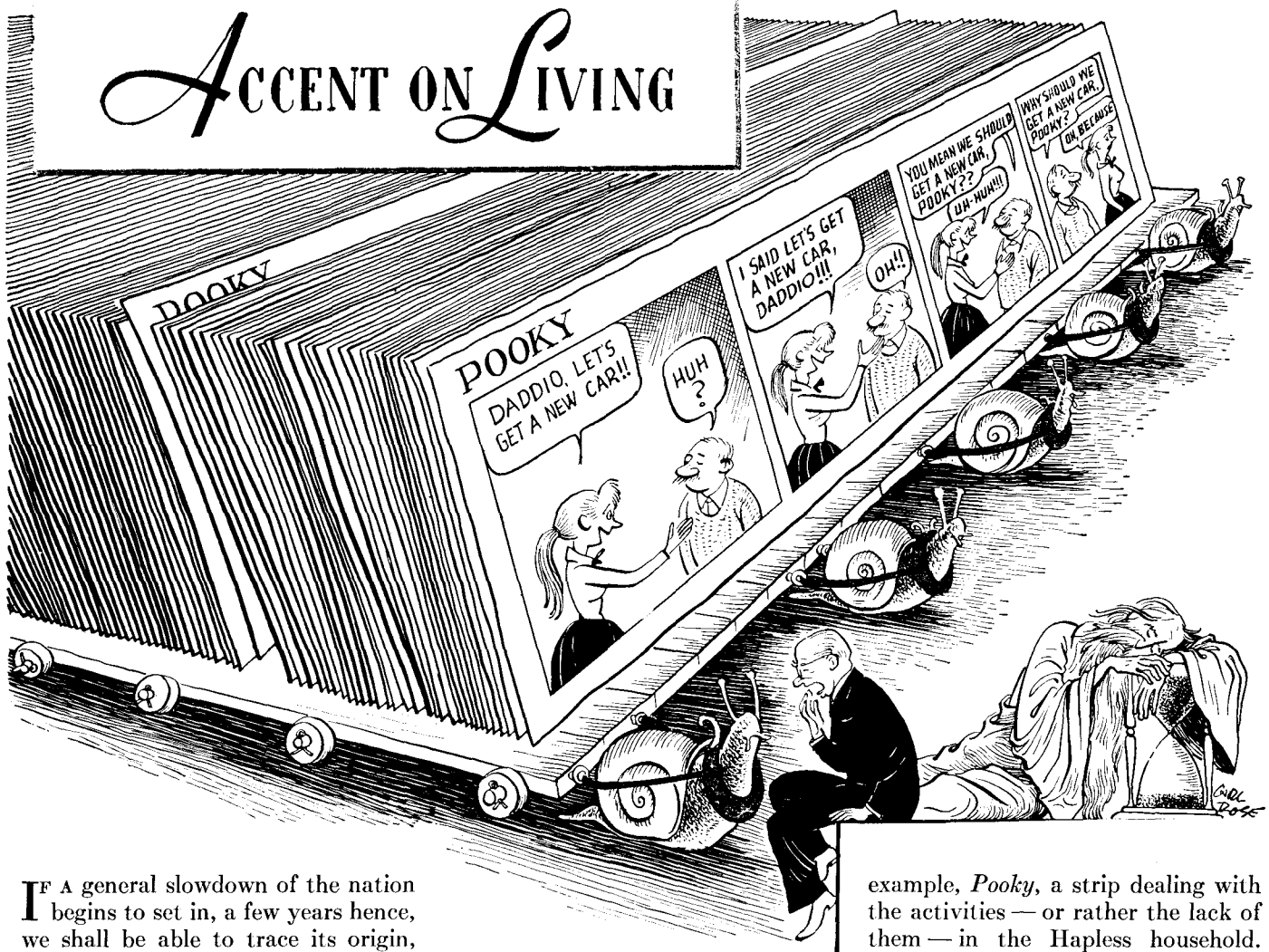
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# ACCENT ON LIVING



IF A general slowdown of the nation begins to set in, a few years hence, we shall be able to trace its origin, without difficulty, to the comic strips. An era will open in which anything decisive or at all conclusive is impossible. The most trifling activities will be preceded by weeks and months of brooding, of uncertainty, self-doubt, tiny squabbles. Years of a static bewilderment will accompany an attempt to design a new taillight edifice for an automobile. The miracle ride, the miracle detergent, the miracle laxative, the miracle lotion — all will be the same old miracles we had before; they will all remain on the verge of improvement, but the action point will never quite be reached. Eventually, the slowdown will come to a dead stop.

Such, at any rate, is the forward view one gets from the “family” strips which seem to be proliferating once again. We all know how the comic-strip characters helped to win World War II and launched a generation into supersonic travels in outer space — relatively old hat today. The rough-stuff comics, once believed to be the cause of all juvenile delinquency and most major crimes, are

on the way out. Not for some years now has a safe-cracker won a genial probation by pleading that he learned his trade through reading the comics in his youth. The dragon women and snake queens are shifting into frilly aprons and gingham. Child characters turn up, not in outer space or the lair of The Avenger, but back in the family living room with Mom and her chump consort, Dad, who never swung a blackjack in his life and who thinks Halloween masks are something that children wear on Halloween.

The dull character of Dad is what permits the family-strip artist to fragmentate a single small idea into a limitless string of daily episodes. Instead of having to produce an idea or a point to be made every day, the artist needs only a half-dozen ideas or so to get through the year. By offering about one sixty-fourth of an idea each day, he can take a month or more to account for even the simplest episode. Let us envision, for

example, *Pooky*, a strip dealing with the activities — or rather the lack of them — in the Hapless household. And let us assume that *Pooky*, a teen-age girl, is urging Dad Hapless to buy a new car. (It could just as well be a TV set, but the prudent artist knows that most newspaper editors feel the less said about TV the better — a horrid form of competition which, if steadfastly ignored, might go away altogether. A new car costs more, and it's also something that the editor can point out for the advertising manager to show his Detroit connections.)

*Pooky* hammers away at Dad Hapless under her own steam. Dad feebly resists: the old car is good for another five years, he thinks. After ten days of this and needing a new voice, the artist puts Mom on the stand for a week or two of good-humored bickering about what the family can afford.

At the end of three weeks Dad Hapless announces that he has made his decision.

Follows a week in which *Pooky* and Mom wonder, singly and jointly, what he has decided. They conjecture with their friends and neighbors.

Dad Hapless is not stepping out of character by mystifying his women-folk. He is still just as undecided as ever, and he has named a due date in a weaker than usual moment. A very weak character, Dad Hapless.

The due date arrives, and Dad Hapless is about to announce his decision to Pooky.

A new crisis: *he can't find Pooky*. Where can Pooky be? It won't do for Pooky to have run away. The family strip is too respectable for that sort of shenanigans. Dad finally finds a note in her girlish hand: she is baby-sitting next door to help pay for the new car. This unhorses Dad Hapless all over again. After changing his mind three times the next day, Dad Hapless declares that a new car it shall be!

The next few months of the Pooky strip afford the editor many a fine by-product to show the advertising manager. A long interval of tussling over what car to buy discloses the Hapless family, like all good Americans, to be thoroughly informed and

enthusiastic about the wonderful new features of the '56 models. Safety, styling, the special devices to gladden Pooky and Mom — never forget that cars are designed for Pooky and Mom and not for any notions that Dad Hapless may harbor — all these are debated for another long stretch.

This brings the strip along comfortably to late spring, when a new period of indecision is ushered in: where, once the new car has been delivered, will the family go in it for Dad's two weeks' vacation? Dad is necessarily a small-timer, like his readers, so two weeks are all he gets. But the argument over where to spend them is a corker. Alaska? Mexico? The Laurentians? The advertising manager himself is following *Pooky* from day to day by this time, as he amasses his annual Travel Supplement. Forty-three more papers have taken on *Pooky*, it transpires, since the first of the year. A fine, wholesome series — even funny every once in a while — the strip is going great guns.

In Pooky's slow-motion world, one is tempted to recall early Mutt and Jeff, when a comic-strip character made a split-second decision every day and acted upon it instantly and on the dead run. Mutt and Jeff were, at the time, the vehicle for a daily tip on the horses, and the action was nothing more than a disclosure of how Mutt received, with assistance or hindrance by Jeff, the powerful hunch which sent him legging it, in the final panel, for the nearest bookie. It was all forthright action. A comic-strip Old Man, for example, would encounter our two friends in panel 1, take offense in panel 2, and throw a tantrum in No. 3. This was enough, in the days when people really got around and did things, to set Mutt in motion for Panel 4, money in hand, shouting: —

"Two seeds on Grandpa's Spells in the Fifth at Belmont!"

It would take the Hapless family at least six months just to find the bookie.

CHARLES W. MORTON

## THE HUMANS

by NESTA PAIN

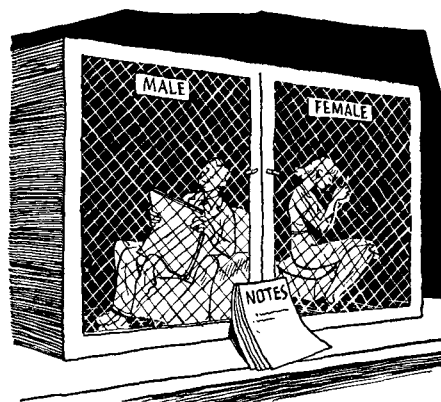
NESTA PAIN has been a staff writer for the British Broadcasting Corporation since 1942, and much of her work has dealt with scientific subjects.

I HAVE continued to record my day-to-day observations of the human colony installed in my laboratory and I have seen nothing to make me reconsider my view that man is a semi-social animal, with a community life rather less highly developed than that of the ant but considerably further advanced than that, say, of the grasshopper. Man's behavior, complicated as it sometimes is, can be quite satisfactorily explained in terms of reactions to stimuli, as I hope to show, and there seems no reason to invoke conscious purpose or feeling, as some workers have not hesitated to do.

I have made a number of experiments in order to test human reactions in a variety of situations. I have, for instance, several times exposed them to imminent danger by setting one of their nests on fire. (I refer to those communal nests oc-

cupied by a number of family groups, apparently brought together by some system of selection not yet fully explained.)

The pattern of events which follows is fairly consistent. At the first awareness of danger, most of the in-



habitants of the nest show a strongly marked escape drive, and there is a great deal of scurrying to and fro as they seek to find a way to safety. Soon, as the fire advances, the "fire teams" appear on the scene — those humans of characteristic coloration which appear to be specifically at-

tracted to all conflagrations of any size.

(Specialization in different kinds of "work" appears to be almost more highly developed among humans than among ants and termites.)

These fire teams might be thought to show courage in their efforts to put out the fire and rescue the victims, but a more careful examination of the facts indicates that such a concept would be quite out of place. If boiling water is poured on an ants' nest, the ants, far from seeking to escape, may be seen pouring back into it — "at the risk of their lives," as we might be tempted to say — in order to rescue their young. Yet nobody nowadays would maintain that they are performing an act of high courage. They act as they do because they are what they are.

Through long centuries of evolution they have developed an instinct to react to stimuli in the way most beneficial to the group. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that these human fire teams have evolved in such a way that they instinctively react to the stimulus of a fire by running toward it and attempting to





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put it out. Once the fire is out, the stimulus is gone and they show no further interest in the fellow creatures they have rescued with so much apparent sacrifice. Indeed, they make off with considerable haste and seem quite indifferent now to the whole affair.

So far as the maternal drive in humans is concerned, there seems to be a fairly high degree of care shown toward the young, although the mother has been observed at times to attack them with sublethal blows. In general, the family group tends to remain in association rather longer than is usual in the animal world, although the young are herded away for considerable periods into special enclosures where they are watched over by adults which appear to specialize in this task. One is reminded of the "nurses" which stand guard over the penguin nurseries.

Courtship behavior among humans offers points of particular interest, and there is evidence that some degree of choice is exercised in the selection of a mate. At the very least, one can say that some females appear to exercise a stronger attraction than others. Long before maturity comes, a change of coloring can be observed in these females. In particular a vivid shade of red appears on the mouth parts and the extremities of the forelimbs (the "talons"). Also in some cases a fairly strong scent can be detected. This appears to be intermittent; it varies from individual to individual, and may be derived from an external source. However that may be, I am inclined to think that it is a specific sexual recognition signal.

The early stages of courtship are frequently carried out at places where both sexes congregate in large numbers and perform elementary gyrations to the accompaniment of a grating, buzzing sound. (This sound is not produced by any special appendages of the humans themselves, but by tools which they have devised for the purpose. Humans are comparatively well advanced in the use of tools.) When this music — if we may call it that — begins, a clasp reflex is released in the males. They seize a female, holding her firmly grasped in the forelimbs, and rotate.

In most cases, they appear to lay hold of the female nearest at hand, but sometimes they seem to be exercising initiative in seeking out a particular partner. Certainly it ap-

pears indisputable that large numbers of males cluster round certain females (I have marked these females with a dab of white paint and have found their attraction to be quite con-



sistent). Other females appear to have difficulty in securing a partner at all.

This dancing goes on for several hours but not always between identical couples. Occasionally a couple separates itself from the others and goes away alone. Courtship may then be carried a stage further. This whole phase of activity reminds one irresistibly of the courtship dances of the Empid flies.

Feeding is another aspect of courtship behavior which I have frequently observed. It happens almost invariably that at some stage of the courtship mutual feeding takes place, the male appearing to take the initiative in coaxing a female to share food with him. Courtship may still be broken off even at this stage, however, and it is by no means invariable that couples which feed together will also mate together.

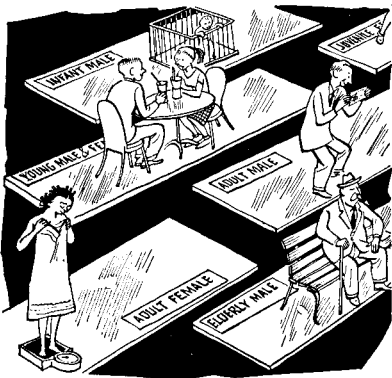
The offering of gifts seems to be more decisive. Like those of certain Empid flies, these gifts appear to be chosen for aesthetic appeal rather than utility. Where the Empids offer florets or scraps of colored paper, humans too may offer flowers or — rather more unusual — brightly colored baubles which the female contrives to attach to herself. Like the Empids, humans may conceal these gifts in wrappings (they use paper rather than the silk favored by the Empids); but so far as I have been able to observe, no humans have yet adopted the practice followed by certain species of Empid flies of offering elaborate wrappings with nothing at all inside. This practice may belong to a later stage of development not yet reached by humans.

A fair tolerance seems to be shown by humans toward the old and the

sick, and these are frequently herded into special nests where they are fed and cleaned without being obliged to perform any work in return. Some authorities have taken this tolerance to be a sign of decadence, and prophesy that it will lead to the eventual extinction of those human colonies which practice it. They cite the example of ants and their extraordinary tolerance toward parasites, which sometimes brings about the destruction of the colony. I intend to study this aspect of human behavior and attempt to determine how far this care of useless lives may constitute a threat to a healthy colony.

I also hope, in a later communication, to make some contribution to the problem of specialization and work, which is far from fully explained. I have been observing in particular those humans for which paper appears to exercise some peculiar fascination. It has been maintained by some workers that they derive a special kind of nourishment from the paper which they are so assiduous in gathering round themselves, but I have never been able to find that it is actually consumed, although it is frequently picked up, held in front of the face parts, and put down again. What seems to be undoubted is that this group exercises some function which is deemed valuable to the community, for they seem able to claim a share of food at least equal, if not superior, to that enjoyed by humans engaged in what would seem to us more obviously useful activities.

For the rest, I find my colony an



unending source of entertainment as well as a rewarding object of study. I hope that other naturalists may be encouraged by these notes to add their observations to mine, for there is much in the behavior of these fascinating little humans which is far from being clearly understood.

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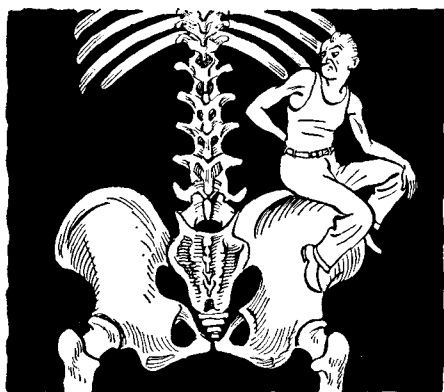
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## VAGABOND VERTEBRA

by WEARE HOLBROOK

WEARE HOLBROOK has written many light articles for news syndicates and magazines. A former Iowan, he now lives in Hartsdale, New York.

Now that the flying saucer has been debunked, perhaps the skeptics will investigate the mystery of the slipping disc. Is it a medical hoax, or a figment of the X ray, or a social alibi, or what? Has it supplanted the allergy as an excuse for not doing what you don't want to do?

In the days of vaudeville, Dr. Rockwell's anatomy lecture featured a denuded banana-stalk to represent the spine, and his statement that "your head sits on one end and you sit on the other" appealed to my adolescent sense of humor. The banana-stalk was reassuringly solid and in no danger of falling apart. So was my spine.

It wasn't until one of my high school friends came back from Davenport, Iowa, as a doctor of chiropractic that I realized what a delicate mechanism lay between my shoulder blades. He told me about the vertebrae, and the cartilage between the vertebrae, and the nerves cushioned within the cartilage, and how all the ills of mankind may be traced to the impingement of the vertebrae on the nerves — a condition which can be remedied only by an "adjustment," and not just one adjustment but a series of about twenty.

That was a revelation to me. I realized that my spine was not a Rockwellian banana-stalk Gibraltar; it was a Dagwood Bumstead sandwich without a single skewer of stability. For several years thereafter I walked carefully, as if about to spill. My only exercise was a course of mail-order lessons in "Spine Motion" by Hobart Bradstreet, in which

one gave oneself a sort of chiropractic treatment by standing on all fours and twisting the torso. Among other things, the exercises would make me "virulent," and if I hadn't looked it up in the dictionary I might still be doing them today.

"Sacroiliac" was another new word that swept into my ken at about that time. Like most newspaper readers, I first learned of it when it forced Helen Wills to cancel a tennis match. It seemed only right that if a beautiful young lady must suffer, her affliction should have a melodious cadence which suited her much better than, say, the clumping syllables of "lumbago."

The photogenic Miss Wills made her ailment almost as popular as her eyeshade. Strictly speaking, the sacroiliac is an area at the base of the spine; everybody has one. But the term became synonymous with the trouble, and sympathy-seekers said, "I have sacroiliac," just as they now say, "I have sinus" — an assertion equal in profundity to the announcement "I have kidneys."

One day about five years ago our dachshund suddenly sat down (a change of posture which, in a dachshund, is scarcely visible to the naked eye) and refused to get up again, even for chopped round steak. He seemed paralyzed from tail to midriff, and we suspected poison. But the vet who examined him assured us we had nothing to worry about. Our little darling merely had a slipped disc, which a few days' rest would put right.

That's the first time I had ever heard of the thing, but the vet said

that dachshunds have been slipping discs for years; it is an accident to which they are peculiarly prone — and supine — because of their streamlined construction. Since then almost everybody I know has, or has had, a slipped disc. Sometimes the slip is temporary; sometimes it is a chronic or LP disc. But in every case the recommended treatment seems to be the same: a bed board.

When sociologists referred to "the softening influence of modern civilization" I had always assumed that they were speaking figuratively. It never occurred to me that they meant my mattress. However, the inner spring is now regarded as one of the most insidious factors in our spinal disintegration. Adapting itself to each whimsical contour and yielding amiably to every pressure, it is like a doting relative who always lets us have our own way; our bodies become spoiled brats, following the line of least resistance.

A bed board changes all this by injecting an element of Spartan discipline into the business of relaxation. Sags and slumps are ironed out. The spine learns what is the shortest distance between two joints — and learns it the hard way.

Only an Oriental fakir would voluntarily sleep on a bed board. It is a prescribed remedy for the malaise caused by wayward vertebrae, and it operates on the theory that you won't notice a localized pain so much if you are made thoroughly uncomfortable all over. The effectiveness of this treatment is supported by the fact that no Indian papoose has ever complained of a slipped disc.

## FOYER TRAP

VIRGINIA BURNS FEINE

"People . . . don't like . . . to come directly from outdoors into the living room. They want some sort of separation, *even if it is only a psychological separation*, so that someone coming in out of the rain doesn't step right on the living room carpet."

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From the puppy or the little boy (who really are not there);  
Not quite daring strict expulsion we project our strong compulsion,  
Crying silently, "The carpet — oh, the carpet — do take care!"  
There's no ave and no vale in this totally blind alley,  
This claustrophobic symbol of an insubstantial hall;  
And the horrid sublimation may attain the reputation  
And dubious distinction of "most-lived-in-room-of-all."





## THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

### THE BEST OF BEETHOVEN

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

RECORD reviewers regularly are called upon by friends, acquaintances, faithful readers, and other deserving folk for assistance in their record shopping. A reviewer thus called upon almost always accedes with the greatest readiness and with an envious gleam in his eye, both sprung from the same cause. This is that he wishes he himself could buy records, and he can't. He has too many records already, as his wife keeps telling him. Further, it is part of his professional code that record companies are supposed to supply his records gratis, and that if they neglect him it is *their* hard luck. One does not lightly violate a code like that, even to taste half-forgotten joys.

For record shopping is recalled by the average reviewer as an almost unalloyed pleasure. This is usually because he made the transition from collector to reviewer in the days before the LP drove the 78-rpm disk from the shelves, and when record shops savored more of the salon than of the supermarket. If you shopped then for, say, a Beethoven Ninth, you knew all about the existing editions (twenty-five years had produced only eleven), and when the new Vienna version arrived you heard a snatch of it and were ready to make your pounce. It was safe to do so, too; probably there wouldn't be another version — to supersede your choice — for at least two years.

Things are different now. There may be dozens, literally, of recordings

of the work you are interested in. You cannot have heard them all, yet their very number persuades you that at least one of them *must* be a good buy. (It ain't necessarily so, as we shall see.) Still, may not there come forth tomorrow one which will shade all predecessors? (There may, but it happens rarely.)

So shopping is still possible, though it requires either more research or keener intuition than it used to. Let us winnow the shop's Beethoven shelf with a shopper's eye, 1956 model. Beethoven makes good test material, since he occupies the second biggest space in Schwann's *Long Playing Record Catalog*; and there is no sense in investigating the Number One man until the 1956 Mozart bicentennial flood has abated.

We cannot here assay nine hundred (that's right) recorded performances, so we will follow the track that actual queries usually take, the aim being to outline a more or less bombproof Beethoven repertory. Let us begin with the symphonies, as most advice seekers do.

What about the First? I like best, slightly, the Scherchen version on Westminster, but instead I will take the RCA Victor by Toscanini. I *have* to, since it fills the last side of the album holding the Toscanini Ninth, which I must have. But it is worth noting if you don't want the Ninth, or Toscanini, that neither Erich Leinsdorf (erstwhile Columbia artist, now of Westminster) nor Fritz Reiner (erstwhile Columbia Pittsburgher, now RCA Victor Chicagoan) has made a First, and that either should do it beautifully.

The Second presents a pairing problem. Scherchen's fine job is coupled with his even better Eighth, Toscanini's and Bruno Walter's (Columbia) each with an excellent Fourth. If you take the Scherchen, you will

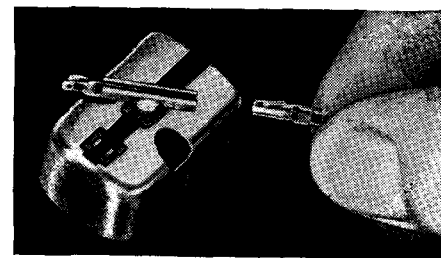


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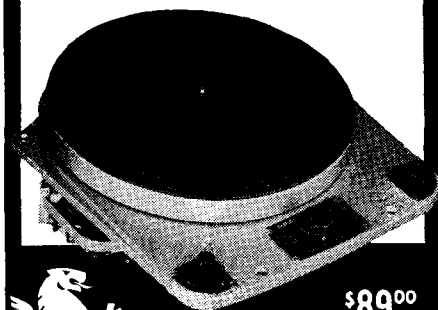
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still need a Fourth — and will just have ruled out the two best. If you take Toscanini or Walter, your choice of Eighths is narrowed — probably to the Toscanini, which is back to back with a sonically malnourished Fifth. The solution may be simply to decide which two symphonies you want *now*, and wait for a new version of the one you must pass up.

You will notice at once that the Third, or *Eroica*, has been made fairly recently by everyone likely to excel at it, and that's the way we like things. I'd take either the Columbia (Entrée: \$1.98) Leinsdorf or the RCA Victor Reiner, but the older Toscanini still has fire if not aural richness.

The Fourth we have already dealt with, except to add a kind word for Solti's London performance: admirable.

There is no good Fifth, despite twenty-three tries! Kleiber, for London, offers an excellent first movement in marvelous sound, and nothing much more. The two Toscanini versions, one a reprint from 78s, reflect — obviously — splendid performances, but your tone-controls can evoke no splendor from the sound. Two other good readings, Klemperer's for Vox and von Karajan's for Columbia, have been nearly as sadly dimmed by time. There are not even any very exciting prospects. Wait.

The Sixth, or *Pastoral*, has fared better — luckily, for once again nearly everyone has had a whack at it. The Toscanini, the Kleiber, and the Van Otterloo (Epic) all are quite satisfactory. The highest fidelity is on the Mercury-Paray, which I don't take to otherwise. The Steinberg version for Capitol is hampered by low-level recording.

The Seventh it is probably safe to buy in the Toscanini recording. A new and exciting Leinsdorf (Columbia) is marred by pre-echo. There might just possibly be a Reiner or Steinberg recording before long, but the tumultuous Toscanini is worth having anyway.

The Eighth we have talked about.

The Ninth, so far as I am concerned, should be bought in the overpowering Toscanini interpretation, no matter what other version may be forthcoming.

So far I have made no mention of "historic" recordings, since probably hardly anyone would want one of these as sole version of a work. But Columbia has reprinted all the Beethoven symphonies in the famous interpretations of Felix Weingartner. As an exercise in connoisseurship, if nothing else, you should have one. I'd suggest the *Eroica*, but all are good, even if they do sound like 1928-1940.

Concertos come next to eye, and show us very little describable as definitive, except for another historic issue. RCA Victor has put forth an album containing all five piano concertos in reprints of 78-rpm recordings by Artur Schnabel and Malcolm (now Sir Malcolm) Sargent: utter and convincing rightness in the playing; tiny, tinny sound. Apart from that, the First and Second Piano Concertos are adequately played for Westminster by Paul Badura-Skoda with Hermann Scherchen, and the Second alone for HMV by Solomon with Otto Ackermann conducting. Nothing ultimate, nor is there in the ranks of the Third.

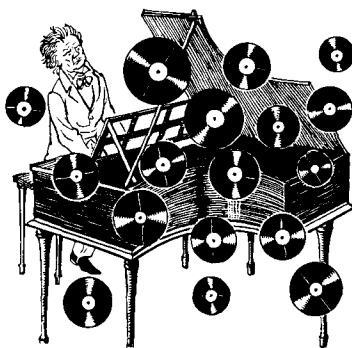
With the Fourth, the prospect changes. Here as one choice is the best Schnabel reprint, quite tolerable sound, with Dobrowen conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (RCA Victor). But my own choice would be the 1955 performance by Curzon with Hans Knappertsbusch, on London, one of the most irresistible recorded

playings of anything I've ever heard.

The Fifth, or *Emperor*, has fared less well. The Backhaus-Krauss-London or Gieseke-Karajan-Columbia can be regarded as acceptable, but not much more. There is a new Kempff rendition offered by Decca, with

Paul Van Kempen

leading the Berlin Philharmonic: the playing is lovely, but the recording is not what it ought to be. Decca's bad luck in transcribing Deutsche Grammophon tapes is shown up even more painfully in its five-concertos-on-three-disks package, again featuring Kempff and Van Kempen. It is hard to figure who else might profitably attempt the *Emperor* soon. Rubinstein and Reiner, perhaps? Or Curzon and Knappertsbusch? As for shoppers — wait or not, depending on how much of a hurry you're in.





The best all-around version of the Violin Concerto, so far, would seem to be that of Milstein and Steinberg for Capitol, though I was not ravished by its tone. Two durable Londons, Ricci-Boult and Campoli-Krips, are beginning to betray their age. The ancient Heifetz-Toscanini shows up other performances' weaknesses, without being able to satisfy us itself. Heifetz recently completed some sessions with the Boston Symphony Orchestra which sounded very good to me but apparently did not satisfy Heifetz. If you would like to savor an oddity while you wait, what about Beethoven's own transcription of the Violin Concerto for *piano* and orchestra, as played for SPA records by Helen Schnabel with F. Charles Adler conducting?

Of other long orchestral compositions, by all odds the most rewarding recording of recent vintage is Hermann Scherchen's absolutely wonderful reading of the *Incidental Music for Goethe's Egmont* which includes two songs, two monologues, and thrilling suspense music, as well as the famous overture, all in excellent Westminster sound. Other overtures are available in enormous profusion; you pick your conductor and gets what you expect. I would pick the four overtures to *Fidelio* as played by either Klemperer (Angel) or Krauss (London: two 10"), both tremendous, and the Scherchen-Westminster disk containing *The Consecration of the House, Namensfeier, Coriolanus, King Stephen, Prometheus*, and *Ruins of Athens* — a lot for your money.

As for *Fidelio* itself — I'd wait, unless what I wanted was Toscanini. His broadcast reprint has some exciting passages, but the loss of the spoken dialogue undermines the drama. London, perhaps with Erich Kleiber on the podium, will undoubtedly get around to *Fidelio* before long.

The *Missa Solemnis* poses a dilemma. The Toscanini version has blazing excitement — and bad microphone balance: some solos are almost inaudible, some instruments weirdly prominent. Böhm's German performance for Decca is big and churchly, and all the soloists can be heard beautifully. But, if you *have* heard the Toscanini, Böhm sounds just a mite tame. However, I cannot foresee anyone else's outpointing either of these in a hurry, so there is your choice. I am of half a mind to recommend also the *Mount of Olives* as led by Henry Swoboda for Concert Hall



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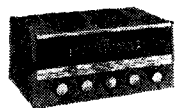
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in a worthy, aging record. But this little-played oratorio is just the kind of work most likely to pop up tomorrow in a new, good, unheralded version. How much do you care? Sometimes an old recording has enough appeal to preclude regrets when a new one comes out. This might apply also to another Concert Hall disk, that which offers the *Choral Fantasy* as performed by Friedrich Wührer, pianist, with Clemens Krauss conducting the chorus and orchestra. I have never mustered the currently fashionable contempt for the *Choral Fantasy*, perhaps because I am a little charmed by the eighteenth-century penchant for expressing profound sentiments in drinking songs, and by Beethoven's urge thus to address his only true love, Music. And I don't know of anyone else around likely to be as sympathetic in approach as Krauss and Wührer.

And now to the piano, Beethoven's own instrument, where we should encounter great confusion, but don't. RCA Victor is putting out, one by one, the Schnabel-Beethoven Society sonatas in reprint — and they don't sound bad, except for Volume I, which was re-recorded off pitch (do you have a variable-speed turntable?). Piano recording was surprisingly good in the 1930s, and I'd wait for these to come out. If you want newer sound you can have it, and a very tasteful classic-German approach to the early sonatas, in the London records of Wilhelm Backhaus — high permanent value. But the best *Moonlight*, if anyone cares, is that of Guiomar Novaes on Vox. And by the time we come to the *Tempest* (Op. 31, No. 2), new-sound adherents get notice to wait, for herewith Jacob Lateiner has begun for Westminster a series which may be of major importance. (On the reverse is a *Waldstein* just as good.) The best *Appassionata* anyone is likely to hear is that by Artur Schnabel for RCA Victor, but this probably is less significant than it might seem: none of his other Beethoven sonatas, though good, catch fire as this one does. As we move into the last sonatas, there is a supply of studied beauty in which it is difficult to go wrong. (The only tragedy, again, is the complete sonata

series made by Kempff and issued by Decca: superb playing and generally wretched recording. I am told that the Deutsche Grammophon originals are better, but they are very expensive and hard to get.) For admirers of Casadesus, Solomon, Myra Hess, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski: anything any of them has done, through this range of the sonatas, is good enough to buy without misgiving. This goes also for Backhaus, of course, who has recorded all thirty-two. His *Hammerklavier* is particularly noteworthy.

In the piano-and-violin sonatas, other hunters may be struck with indecision, but not I. Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam have not received from Decca recorded sound of great distinction to grace their complete coverage of these sonatas, but it is manageable. And they need no further favors. Unlike almost any other team, they keep the music sounding like Beethoven, and pretty big Beethoven, throughout — proving not only that it can be done, but that it should be. I think perhaps Serkin and Alexander Schneider could match their series, but I see no immediate likelihood of Columbia's asking them to try. I wouldn't wait.

The cello sonatas afford a plethora of riches not met elsewhere. You can choose among real masters, but probably everyone will choose Casals and Serkin; I cannot think of any reason not to, except perhaps that Casals does a deal of moaning and grunting. If this distracts you, you can pick among Schnabel-Fournier, Solomon-Piatigorsky, Bogin-Starker, and Zecchi-Janigro.

Beethoven's musical autobiography, so to speak, is written in his string quartets. One quartet in the world, at the present time, holds pre-eminence over all others in Beethoven-playing, and that is the Budapest. Columbia offers them in the complete quartets (three volumes) or disk by disk. The last quartets (Op. 127 through Op. 135) should be bought singly, and Op. 127 omitted. It's a shrieker. The Vegh (Haydn Society) or Pascal (Concert Hall) version can be substituted. Both are good. One other possible substitution might be that of the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet playing Op. 59, No. 2, wherein they



achieve a sort of singing warmth that not even the Budapests match.

In the lesser chamber works, there are recordings of much merit. The string trios come engagingly and in



very realistic sound from Westminster's Pognet-Riddle-Pini trio — and anyone who has not heard the Trio-Serenade, Op. 8, ought to. The bigger trios for piano and strings are less well handled — no really good *Archduke* or *Ghost*, which is the fault of the recording companies and not the artists. The Piano and Woodwind Quintet in E Flat gets an almost miraculous performance from Rudolf Serkin and the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. The famous Septet in the same key can be had in orchestral form led by Toscanini (and preceded by what seems to be a BMT subway thud), or as a septet by Viennese players on a fine London disk.

Only singers, I think, consider Beethoven's songs major Beethoven. Anyway, apparently recording companies don't, since nearly all have assigned these rather glum, very male effusions to women singers, with uninspiring results.

So endeth the first lesson, the gist whereof is that however inadequate a modern recording of a great piece of music may be, its remedy lies in patience. There'll be, as the man says, another along in a minute.

## Record Reviews

**Bach: Brandenburg Concertos** (Paul Sacher conducting Chamber Orchestra of Basel; Epic SC-6008: two 12"). The two disks divide the Concertos 1-2-3 and 4-5-6, and are available singly (LC-3166 and 3167) as well as boxed together. In performance and recording they stand up well against any other version, and seem decidedly preferable to the only other one that gets all six Brandenburgs on four sides. A bargain.

**Bach: Goldberg Variations** (Glenn Gould, piano; Columbia ML-5060: 12"). Glenn Gould, the twenty-two-year-old Canadian *Wunderkind* who dunks his forearms before performing, jigs around the studio during playback, and writes his own very literate jacket-notes, also plays Bach very well indeed. In fact, here is probably the best set of Goldberg Variations this side of Wanda Landowska's. The piano sounds as bright as Mr. Gould's future looks.

**Handel: Messiah** (Thompson Stone conducting soloists, Zimmler Sinfonietta, chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston; Unicorn UNS-1: three 12"). The fourth *Messiah* of the microgroove era is the first made in America since electrical recording began. It can be best described as conventional — in its pacing, arrangement, and elisions — but good. Engineer Peter Bartók has caught marvelously the tone of the chorus and the excellent Zimmlers, playing in Symphony Hall. The soloists unfortunately (except for Adele Addison, soprano) do not distinguish themselves, though they are not downright bad.

**Strauss: Ariadne auf Naxos**

(Herbert von Karajan conducting Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, Rita Streich, Rudolf Schock, Hugues Cuenod; other soloists; Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 3532: three 12"). Less lush than *Rosenkavalier*, less austere than Strauss's latest works, *Ariadne* may possibly be his most beautiful opera. Its trick-plot libretto, too complicated to describe here, must be followed intently, but rewards the follower; and the endless flow of lovely song that carries it along cannot fail to enchant. The performances of the all-important women's parts are so good here that they are almost hard to believe, and Karajan too works miracles. The recorded sound is both pure and rich.

**Schubert: Symphony No. 8, "Unfinished"** with **Beethoven: Symphony No. 5** (Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1923: 12"). The Beethoven without being bad never quite gets going, but the Schubert is certainly one of the best recorded versions. There is an odd, perhaps accidental, prominence of the tympani in the first movement, which may bother some hearers but which I found effective. Listen before buying.

*Lily Pons*

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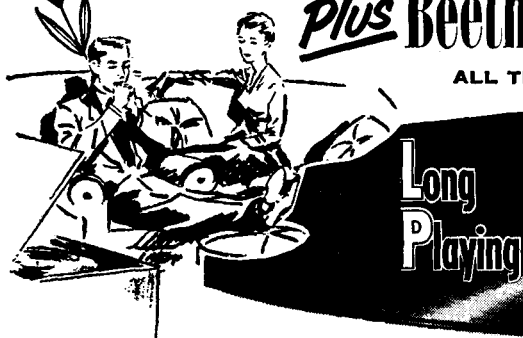
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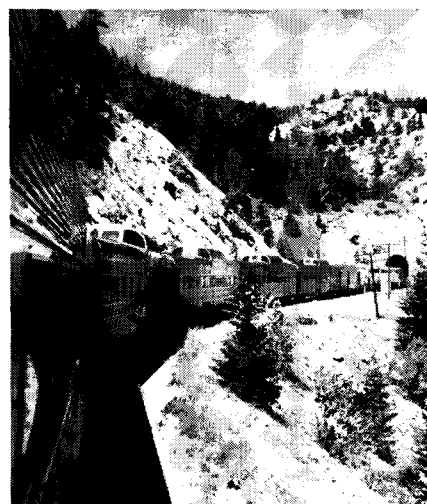
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